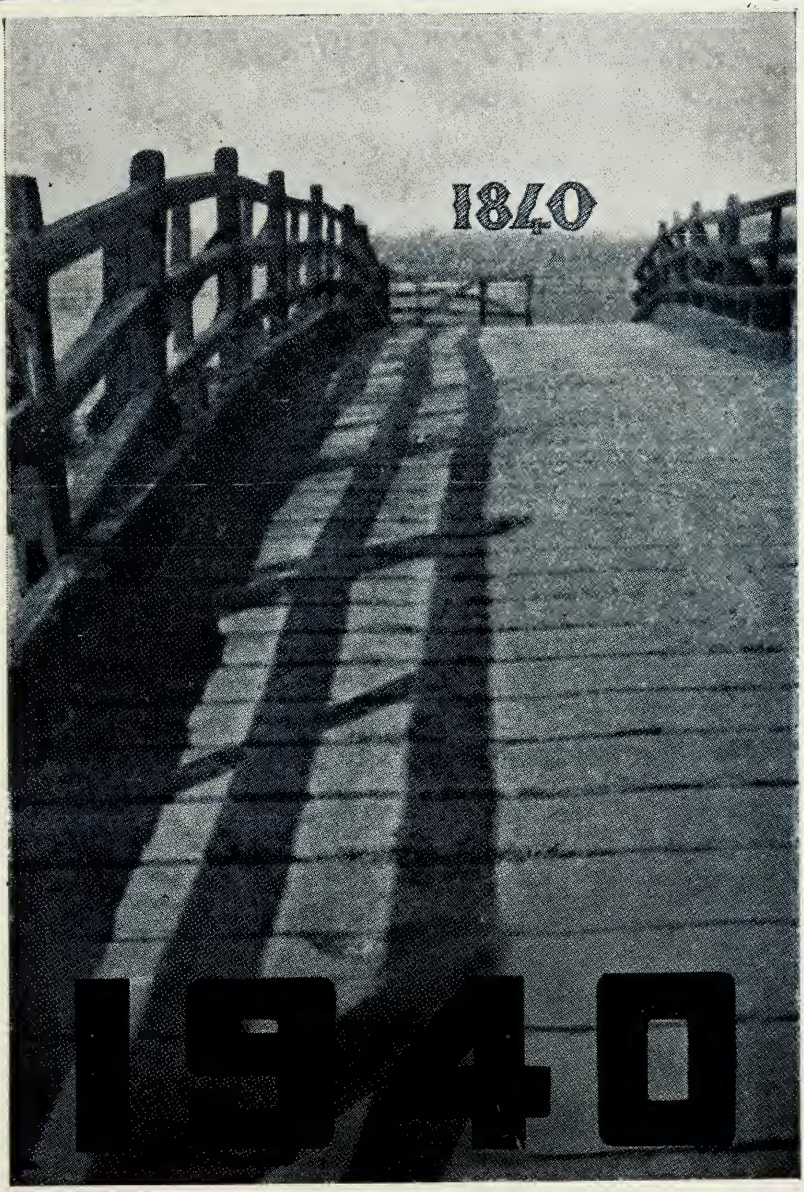
May 30
1940

Millennial Star



SPANNING THE YEARS

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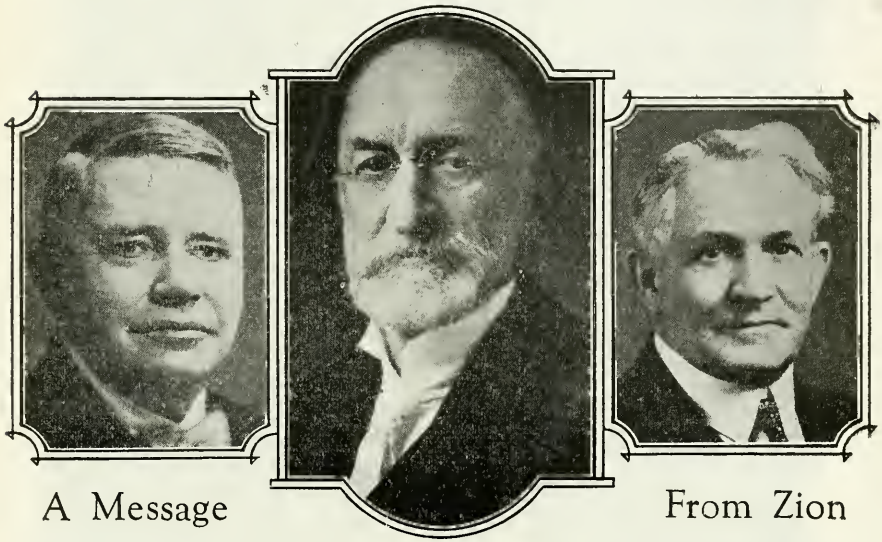
1840 Hundreth Year of Publication 1940

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

No. 22, Vol. 102 Thursday, May 30, 1940 Price Six Pence



A Message From Zion

IT is with true satisfaction and deep gratitude that we pause to contemplate the ONE HUNDRED YEARS' record of the "MILLENNIAL STAR," in invention and material progress the most remarkable century in the history of the world.

A memorable period too in the preaching of the RESTORED GOSPEL. Missionaries and the "Millennial Star" have pleaded for the people to balance material progress with spiritual growth with an acceptance of Christ and His restored Gospel.

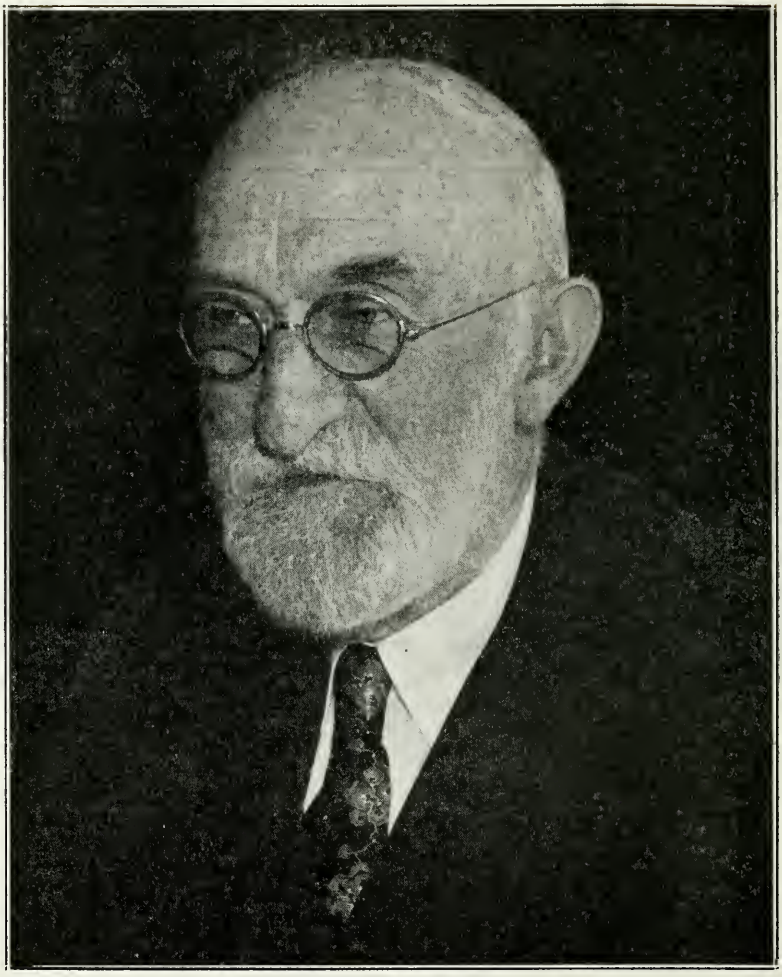
A few millions have accepted the message. Many more millions have rejected it. Today, as heretofore, the "Millennial Star," a constant messenger and bearer of glad tidings of great joy, is ever proclaiming the truth, is still in the field calling peoples to a return to righteousness.

We are happy and thankful for faithful men and women, capable and enthusiastic Latter-day Saints, who can and will carry on this glorious work notwithstanding the temporary absence of Missionaries from Zion.

Congratulations to the "Millennial Star" for its work of a century, appreciation of the able services of its many editors, prayerful wishes for its continuance, and love and blessings to the Saints whose interests it has so long and faithfully served.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT.

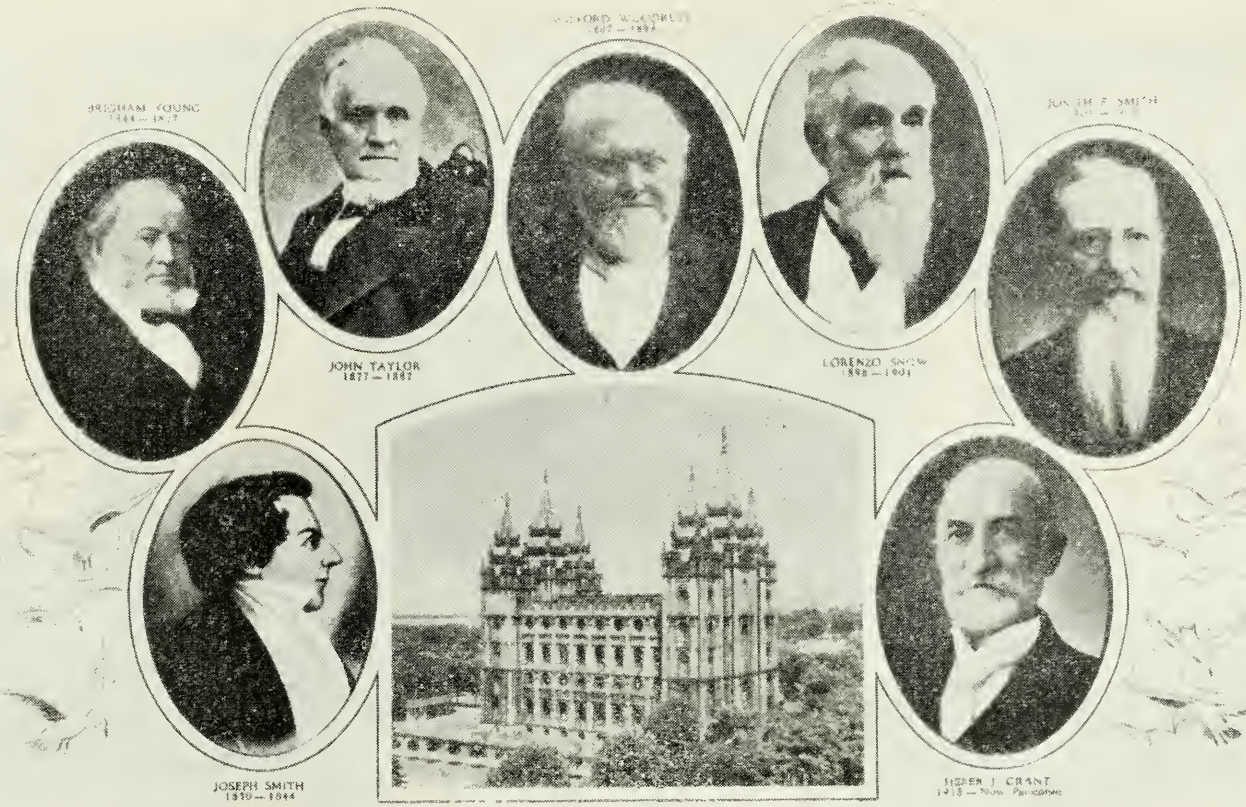
FIRST PRESIDENCY AND GENERAL AUTHORITIES.



HEBER J. GRANT
Seventh and Present President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Born November 22nd, 1856; President, Tooele Stake, 1880; called to the Council of Twelve Apostles, 1882; President, Council of Twelve Apostles, 1916; sustained President of Church, November 23rd, 1918; has held numerous positions of importance; has laboured incessantly for half a century in behalf of the Church; a fearless, intelligent defender of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; an effective temporal and spiritual leader; builder of institutions to promote human welfare; manly, honest, sincere, true in friendship, kind to all in distress and beloved by his people; the Church has prospered greatly under his administration.

He stands as the mouthpiece of the Lord to this generation.



THE SEVEN PRESIDENTS OF THE MORMON CHURCH FROM ITS ORGANIZATION IN 1830 TO THE PRESENT

The Story Of The "Millennial Star"

From "A Century Of Mormonism In Great Britain" by Richard L. Evans, and "The *Star* And Its Prophesied Headquarters" from the "Millennial Star," Vol. 95, No. 20, by James H. Wallis.

Compiled by JAMES P. HILL

THE **Millennial Star,** official publication of the Mormon Church in England since May, 1840, has recorded the rise and progress of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints over a greater span of time than any other publication ever issued by this Church in its one hundred and ten years of latter-day existence.

The **Star** has chronicled events, temporal and spiritual, under five Sovereigns of the British Empire and under all seven Presidents of the Church, including the Prophet Joseph Smith. When Queen Victoria was early displaying her superb British statesmanship and sagacity the **Star** was noting events of the Church and the world.

When Joseph Smith, the latter-day Prophet, was rounding out his work of "gathering the first harvest" and "strengthening the cause of Zion," the **Star** was recording the progress of events. When a murderous mob claimed the Prophet Joseph as its victim, the **Star,** with black borders, mourned the loss with those who loved the Prophet, and with just men everywhere.

When the first of more than fifty-two thousand Britons left home and country to take their chances with the Church of Jesus Christ in a new world and on new frontiers, the **Millennial Star** recorded their departure, and has continued to note the sacrifices and faithfulness of these men and women who chose principles before convenience, and truth before worldly possessions.

As nearly six thousand missionaries have quietly come and gone from British shores during the past century, the **Millennial Star** has noted their arrivals and departures, their successes and disappointments, their welcomes and persecutions, their testimonies and conversion.

When a misinformed British Press has attacked "Mormons" and "Mormonism," the **Star** has replied with facts. When a well-informed British Press has dealt fairly with the "Mormon" question, the **Millennial Star** has noted this fair treatment and has published its gratitude.

Among the editors and associate editors of the **Millennial Star,** oldest

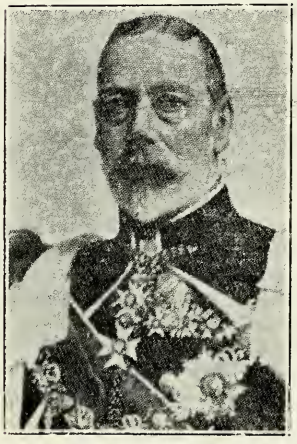
Queen Victoria

King Edward VII

The five Sovereigns during whose reigns

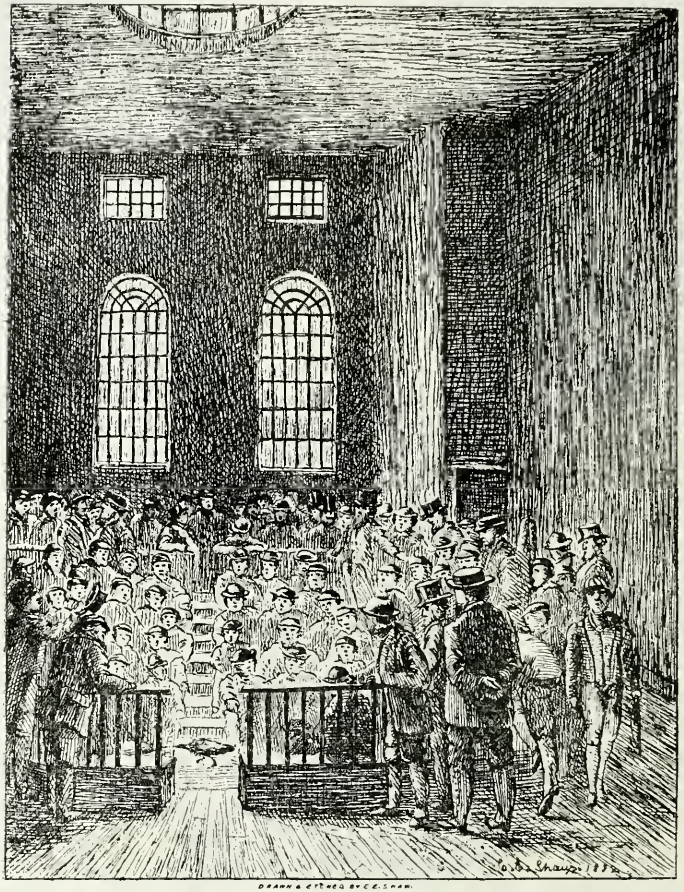
King George VI

"The Millennial Star" has been printed



King George V

King Edward VIII



The "Cockpit," Preston

publication of the Church now in existence, have been numbered five of the seven Presidents of the Church, many of the General Authorities, and others of the Church's most worthy and brilliant writers and thinkers, including university presidents, eminent scientists, congressmen, professors, poets, lawyers, financiers and scholars.

The beginning of the **Millennial Star** dates back to the year 1840, when Brigham Young and a majority of the Twelve Apostles conducted their affairs in England as a Quorum for the first and last time. The action which brought the **Millennial Star** into existence and named it, is recorded in the minutes of a General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in the Temperance Hall, Preston, Lancashire, England, on the 15th of April, 1840. (See the article "From The Diary Of Joseph Smith.")

In accordance with the commission from the Council of the

Twelve, after the close of the conference, Elder Parley P. Pratt went to Manchester, and began preparations for the publication of the **Star.** Within a month he had all arrangements completed and was able to issue the first number in the latter part of May, under date of May, 1840.

* * *

The size of the page, weight of paper, and general make-up chosen at the beginning have been continued until the present. It was issued first as a monthly of twenty-four pages, with cover, and bore the imprint, "Manchester: Printed by W. R. Thomas, Spring Gardens, 149, Oldham Road." The next three numbers were thirty-two pages each, and the next six numbers twenty-four pages each, making the number of pages in the first volume, three hundred and twelve. The last four numbers of the first volume were printed by W. Shackleton and Son, Duncie Place, Manchester.

The first number (May, 1841) of the second volume, was printed by Dalton and Rigg, 61, Spring Gardens. After that the numbers bore the imprint: "Printed and published by P. P. Pratt, 47, Oxford Street, Manchester, and for sale at Emigration Office, 36, Chapel Street, Liverpool." Before the volume closed, the publishing office was removed to Liverpool, 36, Chapel Street, and from that time until the removal of the European Mission Headquarters to London in March, 1933, the **Star** had been edited in that city.

Parley P. Pratt

Volume II of the **Millennial Star** consisted of twelve monthly numbers, but each number contained only sixteen pages, making one hundred and ninety-two pages in the volume. Commencing with Volume VI (June 15th, 1845) the Star was changed to a semi-monthly. That volume (VI) only covered six months, the last number being dated December 1, 1845. Volume VII, also published semi-monthly, commenced with January, 1846, but like its predecessor, only covered six months. Volume VIII covered the balance of 1846. Volume IX commenced with January 1st, 1847, and closed with December 15th, 1847, and consisted of twenty-four numbers. Volumes X, XI, XII and XIII were also published regularly as a semi-monthly periodical, each volume covering a calendar year. But with the beginning of 1852, commencing with January 1st of that year (Volume XIV), the paper was changed from a semi-monthly to a weekly periodical, and as such it has been continued until the present time.

Since 1852, when the paper was changed to a weekly periodical, each volume has averaged about eight hundred and forty-

two pages, and altogether the one hundred and one volumes of the **Millennial Star** published from 1840 to the present time, contain more than seventy-five thousand pages of printed matter, all the pages in the volumes being an average size octavo.

On two different occasions the very existence of the **Millennial Star** has been threatened through lack of patronage. The editor intended to suspend the publication at the close of Volume II, but upon the urgent appeal of the Scotch saints and others, who promised and rendered financial aid, it was continued. Early in 1843, agreeable to instructions from the Church in Nauvoo, Illinois, the publication of the **Star** was stopped temporarily, but only for two months, after which it was continued, and the back numbers issued, so that there was in effect no break in the publication. In October, 1843, the **Star** had one thousand six hundred subscribers, but when the periodical was changed to a weekly publication, January 1st, 1852, the circulation was increased to about twenty-two thousand, and the subscription price lowered from threepence to one penny.

Until 1861, the **Millennial Star** and other Church publications were printed by various firms in England, but in the spring of 1861 arrangements were made by President George Q. Cannon, according to the wishes of President Brigham Young, for the printing and publishing of the **Millennial Star,** "Journal of Discourses," and other Church works and periodicals at the Latter-day Saint Mission Office in Liverpool.

THE

LATTER-DAY SAINTS

MILLENNIAL STAR.

EDITED BY PARLEY P. PRATT.

No. 1. Vol. I. **MAY, 1840.** **Price 6d.**

PROSPECTUS.

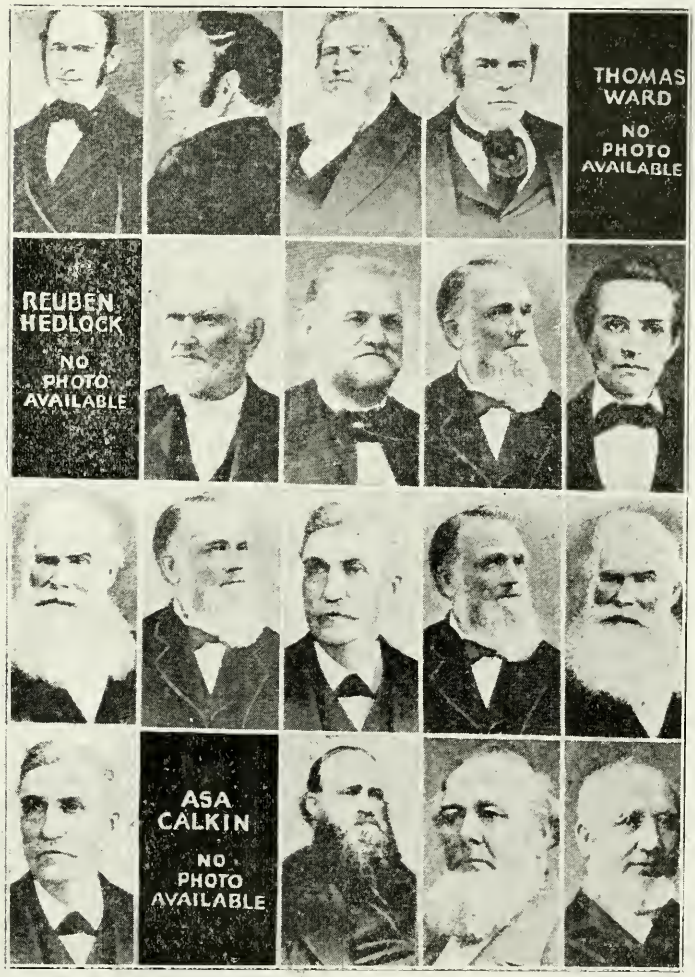
The long night of darkness is now far spent—the truth revived in its primitive simplicity and purity, like the day-star of the horizon, lights up the dawn of that effulgent morn when the knowledge of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. It has pleased the Almighty to send forth an Holy Angel, to restore the fulness of the gospel with all its attendant blessings, to bring together his wandering sheep into one fold, to restore to them "the faith which was once delivered to the saints," and to send his servants in these last days, with a special message to all the nations of the earth, in order to prepare all who will hearken for the Second Advent of Messiah, which is now near at hand.

By this means the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (being first

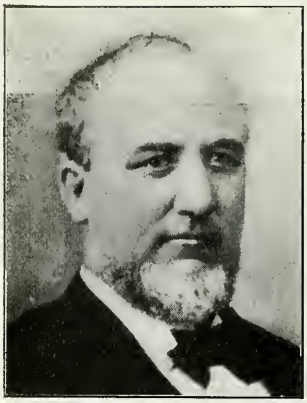
Title Page of the "Millennial Star," Vol. 1, No. 1.

BRITISH AND EUROPEAN MISSION PRESIDENTS

(1837-1864)



Left to right, first row: Heber C. Kimball, Joseph Fielding, Brigham Young, Parley P. Pratt, Thomas Ward. Second row: Reuben Hedlock, Wilford Woodruff, Orson Hyde, Franklin D. Richards, Orson Spencer. Third row: Orson Pratt, Franklin D. Richards (second term), Samuel W. Richards, Franklin D. Richards (third term), Orson Pratt (second term). Fourth row: Samuel W. Richards (second term), Asa Calkins, Amasa M. Lyman, Charles C. Rich, George Q. Cannon.

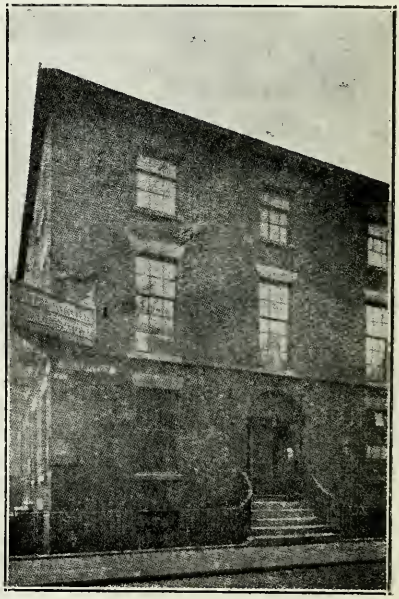


George Q. Cannon

Consequently, a printing press and the necessary machinery, type and material was purchased, and the first number of the **Millennial Star** was printed and published from number 42, Islington, Liverpool, commencing with number 17 of Volume 23, dated April 20th, 1861. The **Star** was printed from its own printing department from then until May 4th, 1933, when, with the removal of Mission Headquarters to London, it came from the shop of Mr. James Foggo at 27, Park Lane, Liverpool, the plant having been leased to him.

Yet a third time the existence of the **Star** was threatened and this in very recent times, due to circumstances with which many readers are, in part, familiar.

At the outbreak of war, September, 1939, Elder Thornton Y. Booth was associate editor. With the bulk of the missionaries he returned home to America, and Elder John E. Gillespie continued in that capacity. Upon his transfer to the United States in October, Elder Samuel S. Musser took over the work. We are all sorrowfully aware of the return of President Brown and the three remaining missionaries in January of this year. Before he went President Brown was very doubtful as to whether the **Millennial Star** could be continued by local brethren with only spare time at their disposal. The General Authorities of the Church were strong in advocating its continuance, inasmuch as the **Star** is the oldest Church publication, and indeed a bulwark of the faith in Britain. After long consultation with the Mission Presidency then proposed, and now existent, it was decided that Elder James P. Hill should take over the work under the direction of President Brown, and with the assistance of Elders Melvin W. Dunn and Samuel W. Dyson who had been called on missions.



42, Islington, Liverpool

Parley P. Pratt, the first Editor, stated: "This Journal will be printed until the Millennium will come," and the **Star** has faith that this utterance will be fulfilled and that

Departing Missionaries

the Journal will continue to be printed in "Britain for British people," heralding the Gospel message even under the most difficult conditions.

Durham House,
295, Edge Lane, Liverpool

The foreman of the **Millennial Star** office was, from the first or very soon after, Mr. William L. Davies, who continued in charge for about thirty years, and under who Elder James H. Wallis received his early training. Mr. Davis was succeeded by Elder H. J. Halton, who later went to Salt Lake City, Utah, but who was with the office for more than nine years, taking his departure for America, June 7th, 1900. He was succeeded by the efficient and faithful foreman, Mr. James Foggo, who served from May 25th, 1900, until December 31st, 1936, at which time the printing of the **Star** was placed under contract with the Ludo Press, 373, Earlsfield Road, London, S.W.18. With this change, under the administration of Dr. Richard R. Lyman, the **Star** was given a two-colour cover and began, for the first time in its history, to accept a limited and selected type of advertising. It should be noted that for thirty-seven years under James Foggo, an issue of the **Star** was never late—not even during the World War, when he worked in an aircraft factory by day and set the type and printed the **Star** by night.

James H. Wallis

* * *

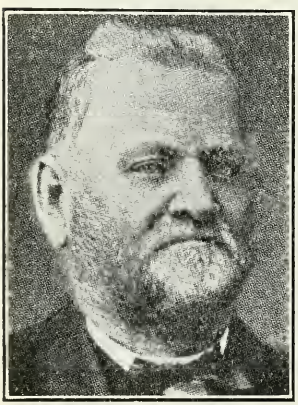
For about twelve issues only the **Star** was edited and published from "Ravenslea," 149, Nightingale Lane, London, S.W.12, but upon the return of the missionaries in January the office removed back to 5, Gordon Square, W.C.1.

It is interesting to note that the moving of the office of the publication of the **Star** from Liverpool to London, which did not occur till 1933, was predicted at a meeting of the Council of the Twelve in 1840, when it was: "Moved by Elder Kimball, that Elder Richards take care of the **Millennial Star**; seconded and carried. Voted that our publishing office be moved to London as soon as circumstances permit." It was 93 years before circumstances permitted.

There have been a number of practical printers, typographers and pressmen called on missions to Great Britain, and it is known that several of these have at times served in the

publishing department of the **Star.** Among them may be mentioned Joseph Bull, Sr., Walter J. Lewis, Joseph Hyrum Parry, Joseph Bull, Jr., George C. Lambert, Edwin F. Parry, James H. Anderson and J. M. Sjodahl.

Brigham Young edited the **Millennial Star** for a time, although his name never appeared in print as its editor. Elder Thomas Ward was the first associate editor of the **Star,** assisting Parley P. Pratt, and upon the return of Elder Pratt to the United States in October, 1842, Brother Ward was made editor-in-chief. Elder Reuben Hedlock subsequently arrived from Nauvoo, and became the presiding Elder of the Mission, but Elder Ward still continued editor of and principal writer for the **Star,** as he did also after Apostle Wilford Woodruff arrived in January, 1845, to preside over the Mission. In the following June, however, Elder Woodruff became senior editor, and Elder Ward, associate. In January, 1846, Elder Woodruff, having decided to return home, Elder Ward again became the editor.



Orson Hyde

On the arrival of Apostle Orson Hyde and John Taylor, in October, 1846, to assume the Presidency of the British Mission, the first named became editor of the **Star.** Word having been received that Elder Orson Spencer was dead, his obituary was published in the **Star** on January 1st, 1847, and in the next issue Elder Hyde announced his own departure for America, and the appointment of Elder Franklin D. Richards to the presidency of the Mission and editorship of the **Star.** Elder Richards' tenure of office was very brief; he only remained to edit one number of the **Star,** and, indeed, his name was not even published as editor, but instead appeared the name of Orson Spencer, for, strange to say, he landed in England twenty-three days after his death had been announced, and enjoyed a privilege which most mortals are denied—that of reading his own obituary.

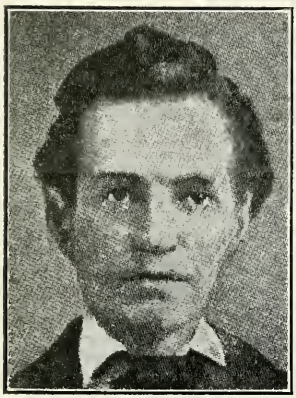
* * *

The title page of each complete volume has always borne a scriptural or other quotation as a motto. These were of prime interest, as they were chosen with respect to the mission of the **Star,** as an organ of the Church, and expressed the thought and feeling of the several editors with reference to the signs of the times and the great latter-day work. They have usually had some significance relevant to the contents.

After the eighth volume a motto was chosen for each issue, but the following quotation ran throughout the year and was continued in the succeeding eight volumes: "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches." With the seventeenth volume and continuing unto the

BRITISH AND EUROPEAN MISSION PRESIDENTS
(1864-1906)

Left to right, first row: Daniel H. Wells, Brigham Young, Jr., Franklin D. Richards (fourth term), Albert Carrington, Horace S. Eldredge. Second row: Albert Carrington (second term), Joseph F. Smith, Albert Carrington (third term), Joseph F. Smith (second term), William Budge. Third row: Albert Carrington (fourth term), John Henry Smith, Daniel H. Wells (second term), George Teasdale, Brigham Young, Jr. (second term). Fourth row: Anthon H. Lund, Rulon S. Wells, Platte D. Lyman, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant.



Orson Spencer

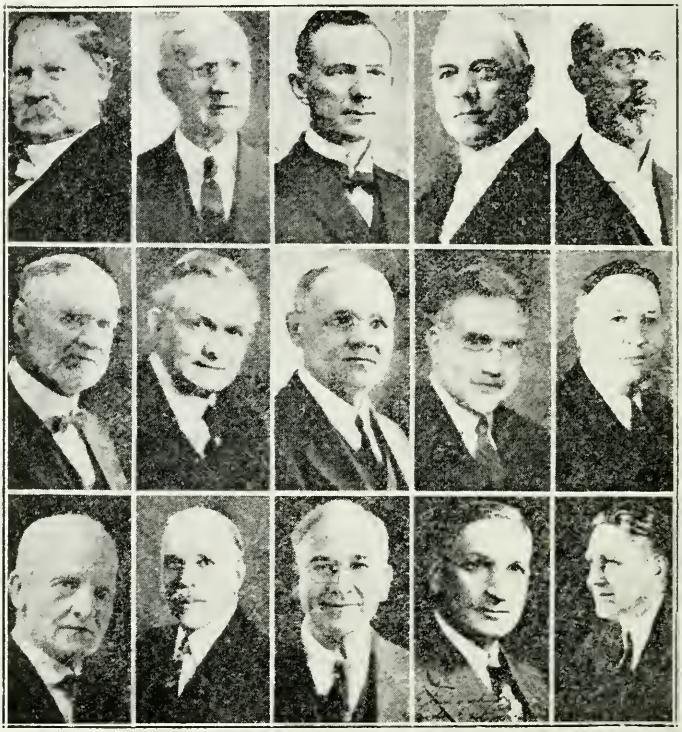
twentieth, this was used in each number. and, in addition, the following: "Come out of her my people, that ye may not be partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

From Volume 21 mottoes in each number were changed yearly, until Volume 59. In Volume 60, 1898, the number mottoes were changed once a month and this practice continued until Volume 68, year 1906, when, after the first month, the motto was changed with each number, which custom still continues. A further departure was made at this time in selecting quotations from the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and other writings; some from the writing of moralists and social philosophers of the world, whose names were sometimes given, and often selected aphorisms appeared with no authorship name. This practice continued until about the middle of Volume 75, 1913; since which time the mottoes have been taken from the Bible and the sayings of our Church Leaders.

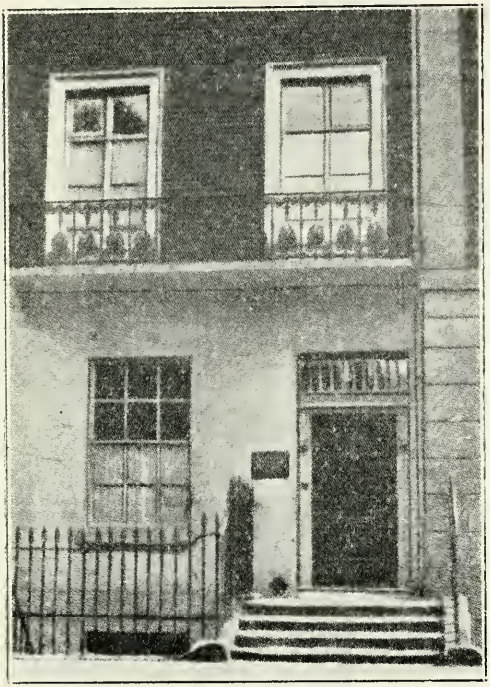
A century has passed since the publication of the **Millennial Star** was started, ten years after the organization of the Church, and during one of the trying periods of its history. As set forth on the title page of the first volume, subsequently each one has contained "a great variety of useful information in regard to the doctrine, principles, rise, progress, success, opposition, persecution, etc., of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and of the great work of God in these last days, with a faithful record of the signs and judgments which are beginning to be shewn in the heavens and in the earth."

Each week of every year the **Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star** goes forth in British lands as an expounder of doctrine, as a teacher of lofty precept, a bearer of timely news, a minister of comfort and cheer, a messenger of good will, and as a herald of salvation. It has recorded prophecies and their fulfilment; it has been the first place of appearance of some of the great works of Mormon literature, and of some of the most enduring and best loved Mormon hymns. The

BRITISH AND EUROPEAN MISSION PRESIDENTS
(1906-1940)



Left to right, first row: Charles W. Penrose, Rudger Clawson, Hyrum M. Smith, George F. Richards, George Albert Smith. Second row: Orson F. Whitney, David O. McKay, James E. Talmage, John A. Widtsoe, A. William Lund (British Mission only). Third row: James H. Douglas (British Mission only), Joseph F. Merrill (European Mission only), Joseph J. Cannon (British Mission only), Richard R. Lyman (European Mission only), Hugh B. Brown (British Mission only.



**5, Gordon Square,
London, W.C.1.**

Star has felt the pulse of the Church and its people, and has reflected, in truth, what it felt.

What events future issues of the **Millennial Star** will be called upon to record, no man knows, but that these and all other world events will be in accordance with the words and prophecies of the prophets of God, both ancient and modern, is a solemn and invariable certainty. That all such events will continue to be recorded in fact, and interpreted in the light of truth, is a sacred tradition of nearly a century's standing, from which the oldest current publication of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints may not depart.

From the "Millennial Star," June 15th, 1845:

"We trust that the present number of the STAR will be found interesting and instructive to our readers, and they may rest assured that we will spare no exertions necessary, to make the Star the vehicle for communicating all that we can ascertain calculated to strengthen and build up the Saints of God.

"But in accomplishing this object, we have to depend upon the patronage of our brethren and sisters throughout the land; and we trust that every presiding Elder, whether of branch or conference, will exert themselves to promote the sale of our publication."

From the "Millennial Star," June 11th, 1936:

"But it has occurred to us that it would be well to tell our readers a few facts about the "Star." Obviously, it is a religious paper; it aims to carry in each issue one or more messages having a religious value. Whatever else it does, the "Star" aims to teach religion; to be a religious messenger. It is the organ of the British Mission in the Church. The amount of material it can publish is therefore small. It is not self-supporting. Its income does not pay all the cost of its printing and distribution. So the "Star" has never been promoted as a money making venture. It has been published for the benefit of its readers.—Joseph Merrill

The **"Star"** of 1940 endorses the foregoing completely.—Editor

The Century's Editors Of "The Millennial Star"

★

Parley P. Pratt	May, 1840—Oct., 1842.
Wilford Woodruff	June, 1845—Jan., 1846.
Thomas Ward	Jan., 1846—Oct., 1846.
Orson Hyde	Oct., 1846—Jan., 1847.
F. D. Richards	Jan., 1847—Feb., 1847.
Orson Spencer	Feb., 1847—Aug., 1848.
Orson Pratt	Aug., 1848—Mar., 1850.
Eli B. Kelsey	Mar., 1850—July, 1850.
Orson Pratt	July, 1850—Dec., 1850.
F. D. Richards	Jan., 1851—May, 1852.
S. W. Richards	May, 1852—June, 1854.
F. D. Richards	June, 1854—July, 1856.
Orson Pratt	July, 1856—Oct., 1857.
S. W. Richards	Oct., 1857—May, 1860.
Nathaniel V. Jones	May, 1860—Aug., 1860.
Amasa M. Lyman	Aug., 1860—Jan., 1861.
George Q. Cannon	Jan., 1861—Sept., 1864.
Daniel H. Wells	Sept., 1864—Sept., 1865.
Brigham Young, Jr.	Sept., 1865—July, 1867.
F. D. Richards	July. 1867—Sept., 1868.
Albert Carrington	Sept., 1868—June, 1870.
Horace S. Eldredge	June, 1870—June, 1871.
Albert Carrington	June, 1871—Oct., 1873.
Joseph F. Smith	March, 1874—Sept., 1875.
Albert Carrington	Sept., 1875—June, 1877.
Joseph F. Smith	June, 1877—Aug., 1877.
William Budge	July, 1878—Nov., 1880.
Albert Carrington	Nov., 1880—Nov., 1882.
John Henry Smith	Nov., 1882—Dec., 1884.
Daniel H. Wells	Jan., 1885—Nov., 1886.
George Teasdale	Nov., 1886—Sept., 1890.
Brigham Young, Jr.	Sept., 1890—June, 1893.
Anthon H. Lund	June, 1893—July, 1896.
Rulon S. Wells	July, 1896—Dec., 1898.
Platte D. Lyman	Dec., 1898—Aug., 1900.
H. W. Naisbitt	Aug., 1900—June, 1901.
Francis M. Lyman	May, 1901—Jan., 1904.
Heber J. Grant	Jan., 1904—Nov., 1906.
Chas. W. Penrose	Nov., 1906—June, 1910.
Rudger Clawson	June, 1910—April, 1913.
Hyrum M. Smith	Sept., 1913—Aug., 1916.
George F. Richards	Aug., 1916—June, 1919.
Geo. Albert Smith	June, 1919—July, 1921.
Orson F. Whitney	July, 1921—Nov., 1922.
David O. McKay	Nov., 1922—Nov., 1924.
James E. Talmage	Nov., 1924—Dec., 1928.
John A. Widtsoe	Jan., 1929—Oct., 1933.
Joseph F. Merrill	Oct., 1933—Sept., 1936.
Richard R. Lyman	Sept., 1936—Oct., 1938.
Hugh B. Brown	Oct., 1938—May, 1940.
James P. Hill	May, 1940—

The Century's Associate Editors Of "The Millennial Star"

★

1840—1849.
Thomas Ward.
Lyman O. Littlefield.

1850-1859.
Eli B. Kelsey.
James A. Little.
E. W. Tullidge.
John A. Ray.
Henry Whittall.

1860-1869.
Henry Whittall.
George J. Taylor.
Eugene Henroid.
E. L. Sloan.
William H. Shearman.
John C. Graham.
Joseph G. Romney.
J. V. Hood.
N. H. Felt.
Aurelius Miner.
Orson Pratt.
Franklin D. Richards.
Charles W. Penrose.
George Teasdale.
John Jacques.

1870-1879.
John Jacques.
George Reynolds.
James G. Bleak.
S. S. Jones.
John C. Graham.
L. J. Nuttall.
Edward Hanham.
David McKenzie.
Henry W. Naisbitt.
John Nicholson.

1880-1889.
John Nicholson.
Charles W. Stayner.
Orson F. Whitney.
George C. Lambert.
George Osmond.
Charles W. Penrose.
B. H. Roberts.
Thomas W. Brockbank.

1890-1899.
John E. Carlisle.
James H. Anderson.
W. B. Dougall, Jr.
John V. Bluth.
Alfred L. Booth
Edwin F. Parry.
Attewell Wootton.

1900-1909.
Attewell Wootton.
Joseph J. Cannon.
Walter M. Wolfe.
Nephi Anderson.
William A. Morton.

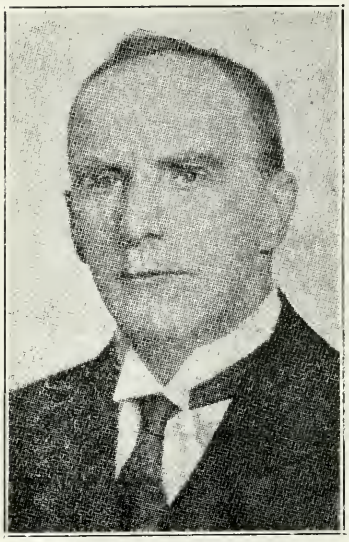
1910-1919.
William A. Morton.
S. Norman Lee.
Hugh Ireland.
Thomas A. Brockbank.
J. M. Sjodahl.
Junius F. Wells.

1920-1929.
Junius F. Wells.
William A. Morton.
David L. O. McKay.
George M. Hopfenbeck.
A. Artell Smith.
James K. Knudsen.
Waldo L. Osmond.
Richard L. Evans.
Weston N. Nordgren.

1930-1937.
Weston N. Nordgren.
Wm. D. Callister.
James H. Wallis.
Weldon C. Roberts.
Dennis McCarthy.
Richard S. Bennett.
Wendell J. Ashton.
Parry D. Sorensen.

1938 to the present time.
Parry D. Sorensen.
Arthur C. Porter.
Marvin J. Ashton.
Thornton Y. Booth.
John E. Gillespie, Jr.
Samuel S. Musser.
James P. Hill.
Melvin W. Dunn.

Mr. James Foggo



James Foggo

IF this very special issue of the "Star" were allowed to go to print without a word on its pages concerning Mr. James Foggo, those responsible for its compilation would, indeed, have failed to complete their task. Mr. Foggo came into the employment of the "Millennial Star" on May 25th, 1900, 40 years ago this week, and until the end of 1936 he was entirely responsible for the printing of this journal. Until 1933 he was in charge of the Church owned printing office and from this office much of the Gospel's message has gone forth in the form of printed Literature. His was the task of producing the "Doctrine and Covenants Commentary" during the war of 1914-18 and all of the tracts and pamphlets used in the British Mission were printed by him up to 1916.

James Foggo was born in 1872, and was educated at a Council school. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the printing trade, and from then on worked in a number of establishments. In 1901 he was married and the union was blessed with three sons. From his earliest youth he has been athletically inclined, and was a swimming instructor for thirty-five years. He is possessed of a good bass voice and has been a member of various choral societies in Liverpool. For more than twenty years he has taught a Sunday school class and has been an active attendant at his Church. In the Summer of 1928 he was a member of his Church Delegation that went on a pilgrimage to Plymouth, Masssachusetts, the place where the "Mayflower" passengers landed in 1620. He has never lost one day's work through sickness, and has been an interested observer of the code of the Word of Wisdom.

It was towards the end of the last war that men between the ages of forty and fifty were conscripted for service in munition and aircraft factories and Mr. Foggo came into this scheme. Thus it was that he would work during the day at an aircraft factory and returning to the Mission printing office at night would proceed to set up the type by hand for the "Star."

He has worked under fourteen European Presidents who have edited the Magazine in turn. His first issue was No. 21 of Vol. 62 and his last was No. 53 of Vol. 98. This comprises some 1,900 issues and includes 30,714 pages. The "Star" is set up now on the modern Linotype machine which is a great advancement in the world of printing. Mr. Foggo set the larger

part of the "Stars" he printed by hand.

In an Editorial written in the "Star" of October 4th, 1923, President David O. McKay says: "Promptly, regularly, energetically, he attends to the duties of his office, his guiding motive being today what it has been throughout his twenty-three years of service, viz., the success of the cause with which he is identified. In order to achieve this, he does not hesitate to return to his duties after his evening meal and continue work until bedtime and after. With a task before him, his is not the question, 'Is it long and tedious?' but 'How can I best do it efficiently?'

Faithful, unselfish, and unswerving attention to duty for more than a score of years, and his sterling, upright character have won the appreciation and admiration of all who have known him."

In a recent letter to the present Editor of the "Star" Mr. Foggo says: "I am very grateful for the opportunity I had during those long years of association with the Presidents of the European Mission and the host of assistant Editors, with all of whom I was able to work in closest harmony. A finer set of men it has never been my fortune to meet with anywhere, and the privilege of meeting and co-operating with such men as the present head of the Church, Heber J. Grant, David O. McKay, Rudger Clawson, George Albert Smith, George F. Richards, and Dr. John A. Widtsoe, along with others, will always remain a treasured memory with me.

" . . . most of my experiences during the time I was associated with the "Star" could be told in one word, WORK, and then more work."

During the Centennial Year of the organization of the Church Mr. Foggo and his wife were able to visit the Great Salt Lake through "the supreme generosity of Dr. Widtsoe," and he states that he was very impressed by the City.

Dr. Widtsoe says: "The toiler's highest reward is the inward satisfaction begotten by the task faithfully done. To this reward Mr. Foggo is entitled in a high degree. Almost as desirable is the appreciation of those for whom the labour has been done. Presidents of the European Mission, associate editors of the "Millennial Star" and all who have laboured with him, have returned to their homes with deep, lasting friendship and thorough appreciation for the man who simply, intelligently, insistently, without noise or shouting, has performed so well the daily work placed before him.

"Who does his task from day to day,
And meets whatever comes his way,
Believing God has willed it so,
Has found true greatness here below.

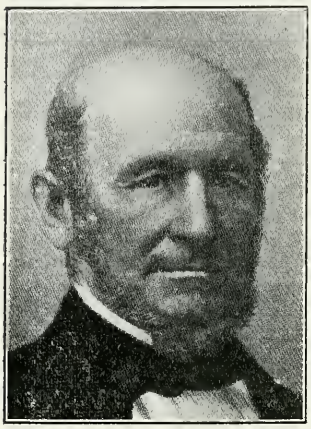
For great and low there's but one test:
'Tis that each one shall do his best.
Who works with all the strength he can,
Shall never die in debt to man."

"Star," Vol. 85.

J. P. H.

From The Diary Of Joseph Smith

A letter from Heber C. Kimball concerning the affairs of the British Mission.



Heber C. Kimball

PRESTON, ENGLAND,
April 17th, 1840.

. . . For the comfort of the Church in general, in that country, I attempt to address a few lines to you, to let you know where we are, and what we are, and what we are doing in this country. . . .

At a general conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, held in Temperance Hall, Preston, Lancashire, England, on the 15th of April, 1840, President Joseph Fielding called upon Elder Kimball to preside, and Elder William Clayton was chosen clerk, it being the 10th day of the 1st month of the 11th year of the rise of the Church. . . .

The meeting was then adjourned for one hour. The conference again assembled at half-past one o'clock. Meeting opened by prayer, and business commenced. . . .

Moved and seconded that a monthly periodical shall be published under the direction and superintendence of the Twelve, for the benefit and information of the Church, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained; carried. . . .

Moved by Elder Young, and seconded by Elder Parley P. Pratt, that this conference be adjourned until the 6th of July next, to be held in Preston, at 10 o'clock a.m.; carried. Meeting then adjourned.

H. C. KIMBALL, President.
WM. CLAYTON, Clerk.

Council Meeting of the Twelve in England—Hymn-Book and the "Millennial Star" projected.

The Council met pursuant to adjournment, April 16th, 1840. The number of the quorum the same as on the 14th.

Moved by Elder Young, seconded by Elder Taylor, that Elder Parley P. Pratt be chosen as the editor of the monthly periodical for the Church. . . .

Moved by Elder Willard Richards, seconded by Elder George A. Smith, that the name of the paper or periodical be *The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.*

Moved by Elder Brigham Young, seconded by Elder Orson Pratt, that the size of the paper, its plan, and price be left at the disposal of the editor. . . .

Moved by Elder Willard Richards, and seconded by Elder Wilford Woodruff, that the editor of the periodical keep an

account of all the receipts and expenditures connected with the printing, general expense, etc., and the books at all times be open for the inspection of the Council.

The above resolutions were unanimously adopted. The conference closed by prayer.

JOHN TAYLOR, Clerk.

Saturday, 25th April, 1840.

Elder Richards went to Manchester, found the *Prospectus* for the *Millennial Star* ready. Elder Young returned to Frooms Hill (Herefordshire), and stayed at Brother John Benbow's till the 30th, preaching, and writing letters to his friends in America.

Letter of Willard Richards to the Editor of the "Millennial Star"—Reporting Labours.

LEDBURY, HEREFORDSHIRE,
May 15th, 1840.

Brigham Young

To the Editor of the Millennial Star:

BELOVED BROTHER:—Two weeks ago this day, I parted with Brothers Young and Woodruff in this place, taking different locations in this part of the vineyard, originally opened by Brother Woodruff, and after visiting various places in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire, preaching daily, talking night and day, and administering the ordinances of the Gospel as directed by the Spirit, we have again this day found ourselves together, and Elder Kington in our midst (he is devoted wholly to the ministry). By comparing minutes we find there have been in these two weeks about 112 baptized; 200 confirmed; 2 Elders, about 20 Priests, and 1 Teacher ordained; and the Church in these regions now numbers about 320. The branches are small, the brethren much scattered; consequently the field is so large that the reapers cannot call to each other from side to side, neither can they often see each other without a telescope.

There are many doors open which we cannot fill; calls for preaching on almost every hand, which we cannot answer. **Oh! that the Saints would pray to the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers!**

I have this day received a letter from my sister in Massachusetts, giving me the intelligence of the death of my aged father. The work of the Lord is rolling forth in that part of the land, such intelligence as this from our native land makes our hearts rejoice, even in affliction.

Your brother in the everlasting covenant,

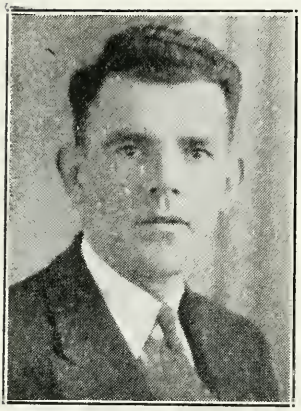
WILLARD RICHARDS.

Wednesday, 27th May.

The first number of *The Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star* was issued at Manchester, in pamphlet form of twenty-four pages. Edited by Parley P. Pratt. Price sixpence. Office: 149, Oldham Road.

A "Star" Of Truth

By Elder Frederick Beckingham



Frederick Beckingham

MAGAZINES, and Periodicals, touching upon all branches of knowledge, theological, scientific and philosophical, are published daily and weekly but do they purport to contain a message from the Lord? No, they do not, with one exception, the "MILLENNIAL STAR" which for the past 100 years has portrayed to the people of these fair isles the fact that God has again spoken from the Heavens. First being published monthly, then weekly it has continued for a century to unfold its message —"Hear O Heavens; and give ear O Earth! for the Lord has spoken." —Isaiah

Upon its pages have been recorded the inspired utterances and testimonies of the living oracles of God, reaffirming the scriptural declaration: "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret to his servants the prophets."—Amos

It is easy to see how important an organ the "Star" has really been, containing the words and counsels of the Prophets and Apostles, who under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and by the power of the Priesthood, guide the Church in this day. It has for the last 100 years maintained the need of Prophets. Its standards of Faith are no different now from those offered on its pages throughout that time, and none of its statements of doctrine have been modified or repudiated. The sublime truths and concepts of things Divine which have adorned its pages have been illuminating to the soul. It has consistently testified to the unchangeable and everlasting nature of the Gospel of Christ. In brevity and simplicity it has penned the picture of the story of the Church and its struggles, its pathos, its humour, its power of endurance and its invincible, undying fire of faith. Do we appreciate its worth?

Like the Epistles sent by the Apostles unto the branches of the Church in the former days, conveying unto them the will of the Lord, so we can regard the "Star" as the medium of conveyance of the will of the Lord to us in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

The Divine promise, without conditions attached, is that this Church is nevermore to be thrown down, that the Priesthood has been restored to earth and will never again be taken away. This is an irrevocable decree from the mouth of the Almighty.

May this little publication continue to spread its effulgent rays of Gospel truths like a bright star, pointing the way to life eternal, until the Millennium dawns.

" Now " Is The Time

By Elder Melvin W. Dunn

Melvin W. Dunn

ACTIVITY is life—stagnation is death! To work in this life for our physical and mental well-being is very necessary, but to work for spiritual perfection, is absolutely essential, especially in this day and age when there is so much in the surrounding world to detract our attention from the spiritual activities of living.

We cannot afford to let the so-called "odd moments" slip by, we must be continuously spiritually and physically active; the two run hand in hand, and must be balanced.

The object of our sojourn here on earth, is to do the will of our Father in Heaven, to eradicate wickedness by conquering sin, and thus assure ourselves of a place in the Kingdom of God. We must keep ourselves "unspotted from the sins of the world."

The late President Joseph F. Smith said that "our first enemy, we will find within ourselves. It is a good thing to overcome that enemy first and bring ourselves into subjection to the will of the Father." First, then, let us conquer self, then we will be ready to assist all those with whom we come into contact, both within and without the Church, to achieve *their* self-conquest. This sentiment is expressed very ably in one of our hymns:

> Let each man learn to know himself,
> To gain that knowledge let him labour,
> Improve those failings in himself
> Which he condemns so in his neighbour.
>
> How lenient our own faults we view,
> And conscience's voice adeptly smother,
> Yet, oh, how harshly we review
> The self-same failing in another."

Now is the time to serve, now is the time to act; leave it till tomorrow and the aim desired will most likely not be fulfilled. Our Church duties should stand first and we should dedicate our lives to the Gospel, although as we know, there are necessary activities to which we must give our attention outside of this.

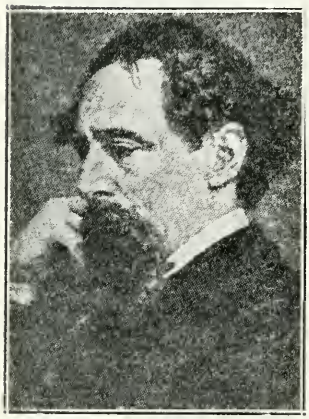
However, uppermost in our thoughts and deeds the Gospel of Christ should prevail. Let not worldly pleasures, social success, acquisition of wealth, and the gaining of worldly knowledge, retard our spiritual progress.

Let us strike a middle course of living, and we shall automatically develop spirituality and "By Our Actions Prove Our Allegiance to the Church."

Bound For The Great Salt Lake

FROM "THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER"

By Charles Dickens



Charles Dickens

BEHOLD me on my way to an emigrant ship, on a hot morning early in June. My road lies through that part of London generally known to the initiated as 'Down by the Docks.' Down by the Docks is Home to a good many people—to too many, if I may judge from the overflow of local population in the streets—but my nose insinuates that the number to whom it is Sweet Home might be easily counted. Down by the Docks is a region I would choose as my point of embarkation aboard ship if I were an emigrant. It would present my intention to me in such a sensible light; it would show me so many things to be run away from.

Down by the Docks they eat the largest oysters and scatter the roughest oyster-shells known to the descendants of Saint George and the Dragon. Down by the Docks they consume the slimiest of shell-fish, which seem to have scraped off the copper bottoms of ships. Down by the Docks the vegetables at greengrocer's doors acquire a saline and a scaly look, as if they had been crossed with fish and sea-weed. Down by the Docks they 'board seamen' at the eating-houses, the public-houses, the slop-shops, the coffee-shops, the tally-shops, all kind of shops mentionable and unmentionable board them, as it were, in the piratical sense, making them bleed terribly, and giving no quarter. Down by the Docks the seamen roam in mid-street and mid-day, their pockets inside-out, and their heads no better. Down by the Docks you may hear the incomparable Joe Jackson sing the Standard of England, with a hornpipe, any night; or any day may see at the waxwork, for a penny and no waiting, him as killed the policeman at Acton and suffered for it. Down by the Docks you may buy polonies, saveloys, and sausage preparations various, if you are not particular what they are made of besides seasoning. Down by the Docks the children of Israel creep into any gloomy cribs and entries they can hire and hang slops there—pewter watches, sou'-wester hats, waterproof overalls—'firtht rate articleth Thjack.' Down by the Docks such dealers exhibiting on a frame a complete nautical suit without the refinement of a waxen visage in the hat, present the imaginary wearer as drooping at the yard-arm, with his seafaring and earthfaring troubles over. Down by the Docks the pawnbroker lends money on Union Jack pocket-handkerchiefs, on watches with little ships pitching fore and aft on the dial, on telescopes, nautical instruments in cases, and such-like. Down by

the Docks the apothecary sets up in business on the wretchedest scale—chiefly on lint and plaster for the strapping of wounds—and with no bright bottles, and with no little drawers. Down by the Docks the shabby undertaker's shop will bury you for next to nothing, after the Malay or Chinaman has stabbed you for nothing at all: so you can hardly hope to make a cheaper end. Possibly the parrots don't know, possibly they do, that Down by the Docks is the road to the Pacific Ocean, with its lovely islands, where the savage girls plait flowers, and the savage boys carve cocoa-nut shells, and the grim blind idols muse in their shady groves to exactly the same purpose as the priests and chiefs. And possibly the parrots don't know, possibly they do, that the noble savage is a wearisome imposter wherever he is, and has five hundred thousand volumes of indifferent rhyme, and no reason, to answer for.

Shadwell church! Pleasant whispers of there being a fresher air down the river than down by the Docks, go pursuing one another, playfully, in and out of the openings in its spire. Gigantic in the basin just beyond the church looms my emigrant ship: her name, the *Amazon*. Her figure-head is not *dis*-figured as those beauteous founders of the race of strong-minded women are fabled to have been, for the convenience of drawing the bow; but I sympathise with the carver:

> A flattering carver who made it his care
> To carve busts as they ought to be—not as they were.

My emigrant ship lies broadside-on to the wharf. Two great gangways made of spars and planks connect her with the wharf; and up and down these gangways, perpetually crowding to and fro and in and out, like ants, are the emigrants who are going to sail in my emigrant ship. Some with cabbages, some with loaves of bread, some with cheese and butter, some with boxes, beds, and bundles, some with babies—nearly all with children—nearly all with brand-new tin cans for their daily allowance of water, uncomfortably suggestive of a tin flavour in the drink. To and fro, up and down, aboard and ashore, swarming here and there and everywhere, my emigrants. And still as the dock-gate swings upon its hinges

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THE name of Charles Dickens graces the bookshelves of many literature lovers the world over. By the people of England he is most beloved. His original rendering of life in the times that he lived, his wealth of humour intermingled with impressive pathos and tremendous power for descriptive prose, has caused many a smile and many a tear, and ofttimes a deep sense of satisfaction. The characters of Little Nell, David Copperfield, Mr. Pickwick, and Mr. Micawber, not forgetting the famous Scrooge, have become firmly established in the minds of the British people and have become favourite subjects for characterisation in dramatic circles. We here present an extract from "The Uncommercial Traveller" in which he describes with his extraordinary ability, a visit to an "emigrant" ship.

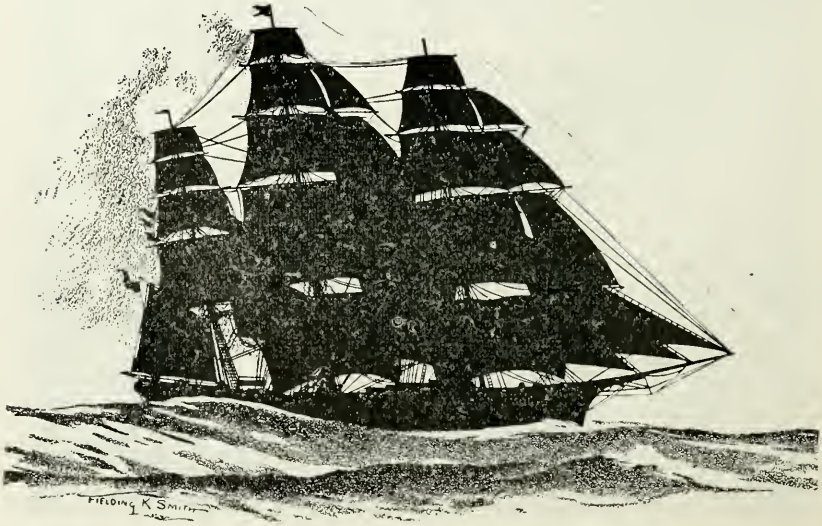
The Mormon Elder who was at this time responsible for the emigrants was Elder George Q. Cannon and it is to him that Dickens refers to as the "Mormon Agent."

cabs appear, and carts appear, and vans appear, bringing more of my emigrants, with more cabbages, more loaves, more cheese and butter, more boxes, beds and bundles, more tin cans, and on those shipping investments accumulated compound interest of children.

I go aboard my emigrant ship. I go first to the great cabin, and find it in the usual condition of a cabin at that pass. Perspiring landsmen, with loose papers, and with pens and inkstands, pervade it; and the general appearance of things is as if the late Mr. Amazon's funeral had just come home from the cemetery, and the disconsolate Mrs. Amazon's trustees found the affairs in great disorder, and were looking high and low for the will. I go out on the poop-deck for air, and surveying the emigrants on the deck below (indeed, they are crowded all about me, up there too) find more pens and inkstands in action, and more papers, and interminable complication respecting accounts with individuals for tin cans and what not. But nobody is in ill temper, nobody is the worse for drink, nobody swears an oath or uses a coarse word, nobody appears depressed, nobody is weeping, and down upon the deck in every corner where it is possible to find a few square feet to kneel, crouch, or lie in, people, in every unsuitable attitude for writing, are writing letters.

Now I have seen emigrant ships before this day in June. And these people are so strikingly different from all other people in like circumstances whom I have ever seen, that I wonder aloud, 'What *would* a stranger suppose these emigrants to be!'

The vigilant bright face of the weather-browned captain of the *Amazon* is at my shoulder, and he says, 'What, indeed!



The most of these came aboard yesterday evening. They came from various parts of England in small parties that had never seen one another before. Yet they had not been a couple of hours on board when they established their own police, made their own regulations, and set their own watches at all the hatchways. Before nine-o'clock the ship was as orderly and as quiet as a man-of-war.'

I looked about me again, and saw the letter-writing going on with the most curious composure. Perfectly abstracted in the midst of the crowd—while great casks were swinging aloft, and being lowered into the hold; while hot agents were hurrying up and down, adjusting the intermiable accounts; while two hundred strangers were searching everywhere for two hundred other strangers, and were asking questions about them of two hundred more; while the children played up and down all the steps, and in and out among all the people's legs, and were beheld, to the general dismay, toppling over all the dangerous places—the letter-writers wrote on calmly. On the starboard side of the ship a grizzled man dictated a long letter to another grizzled man in an immense fur cap: which letter was of so profound a quality that it became necessary for the amanuensis at intervals to take off his fur cap in both his hands, for the ventilation of his brain, and stare at him who dictated, as a man of many mysteries who was worth looking at. On the larboard side a woman had covered a belaying-pin with a white cloth, to make a neat desk of it, and was sitting on a little box, writing with the deliberation of a bookkeeper. Down upon her breast on the planks of the deck at this woman's feet, with her head diving in under a beam of the bulwarks on that side, as an eligible place of refuge for her sheet of paper, a neat and pretty girl wrote for a good hour (she fainted at last), only rising to the surface occasionally for a dip of ink. Alongside the boat, close to me on the poop-deck, another girl, a fresh well-grown country girl, was writing another letter on the bare deck. Later in the day, when this self-same boat was filled with a choir who sang glees and catches for a long time, one of the singers, a girl, sang her part mechanically all the while, and wrote a letter in the bottom of the boat while doing so.

'A stranger would be puzzled to guess the right name for these people, Mr. Uncommercial,' says the captain.

'Indeed he would.'

'If you hadn't known, could you ever have supposed——?'

'How could I ! I should have said they were in their degree, the pick and flower of England.'

'So should I,' says the captain.

'How many are they?'

'Eight hundred, in round numbers.'

I went between-decks, where the families with children swarmed in the dark, where unavoidable confusion had been caused by the last arrivals, and where the confusion was increased by the little preparations for dinner that were going

Old Curiosity Shop

on in each group. A few women here and there had got lost, and were laughing at it, and asking their way to their own people, or out on deck again. A few of the poor children were crying; but otherwise the universal cheerfulness was amazing. 'We shall shake down by to-morrow.' 'We shall come all right in a day or so.' We shall have more light at sea.' Such phrases I heard everywhere, as I groped my way among chests and barrels and beams and unstored cargo and ring-bolts and emigrants, down to the lower deck, and thence up to the light of day again and to my former station.

Surely an extraordinary people in their power of self-abstraction. All the former letter-writers were still writing calmly, and many more letter-writers had broken out in my absence. A boy with a bag of books in his hand and a slate under his arm emerged, from below, concentrated himself in my neighbourhood (espying a convenient skylight for his purpose), and went to work at a sum as if he were stone deaf. A father and mother and several young children, on the main deck below me, had formed a family circle close to the foot of the crowded restless gangway, where the children made a nest for themselves in a coil of rope, and the father and mother, she suckling the youngest, discussed family affairs as peaceably as if they were in perfect retirement. I think the most noticeable characteristic in the eight hundred as a mass was their exemption from hurry.

Eight hundred what? 'Geese, villain?' EIGHT HUNDRED MORMONS. I, uncommercial traveller for the firm of Human Interest Brothers, had come aboard this emigrant ship to see what eight hundred Latter-day Saints were like, and I found them (to the rout and otherthrow of all my expectations) like what I now describe with scrupulous exactness.

The Mormon agent who had been active in getting them together, and in making the contact with my friends the owners of the ship to take them as far as New York on their way to the Great Salt Lake, was pointed out to me. A compactly-made handsome man in black, rather short, with rich brown hair and beard, and clear bright eyes. From his speech I should set him down as American. Probably a man who had 'knocked about the world' pretty much. A man with a frank open manner, and unshrinking look; withal a man of great quickness. I believe he was wholly ignorant of my uncommercial individuality, and consequently of my immense uncommercial importance.

Uncommercial: These are a very fine set of people you have brought together here.

Mormon Agent: Yes, sir, they are a *very* fine set of people.

Uncommercial (looking about): Indeed, I think it would be difficult to find eight hundred people together anywhere else, and find so much beauty and so much strength and capacity for work among them.

Mormon Agent (not looking about, but looking steadily at Uncommercial): I think so. We sent out about a thousand more, yes-day, from Liverpool.

Uncommercial: You are not going with these emigrants?

Mormon Agent: No, sir, I remain.

Uncommercial: But you have been in the Mormon territory?

Mormon Agent: Yes; I left Utah about three years ago.

Uncommercial: It is surprising to me that these people are all so cheery, and make so little of the immense distance before them.

Mormon Agent: Well, you see; many of 'em have friends out at Utah, and many of 'em look forward to meeting friends on the way.

Uncommercial: On the way?

Mormon Agent: This way 'tis. This ship lands 'em in New York City. Then they go on by rail right away beyond St. Louis, to that part of the banks of the Missouri where they strike the Plains. There waggons from the settlement meet 'em to bear 'em company on their journey 'cross—twelve hundred miles about. Industrious people who come out to the settlement soon get waggons of their own, and so the friends of some of these will come down in their own waggons to meet 'em. They look forward to that greatly.

Uncommercial: On their long journey across the desert, do you arm them?

Mormon Agent: Mostly you would find that they have arms of some kind or another already with them. Such as had not arms we should arm across the Plains, for the general protection and defence.

Uncommercial: Will these waggons bring down any produce to the Missouri?

Mormon Agent: Well, since the war broke out we've taken to growing cotton, and they'll likely bring down cotton to be exchanged for machinery. We want machinery. Also we have taken to growing indigo, which is a fine commodity for profit. It has been found that the climate on the further side of the Great Salt Lake suits well for raising indigo.

Uncommercial: I am told that these people now on board are principally from the south of England?

Mormon Agent: And from Wales. That's true.

Uncommercial: Do you get many Scotch?

Mormon Agent: Not many.

Uncommercial: Highlanders, for instance?

Mormon Agent: No, not Highlanders. They ain't interested enough in universal brotherhood and peace and good will.

Uncommercial: The old fighting blood is strong in them?

Mormon Agent: Well, yes. And besides; they've no faith.

Uncommercial (who has been burning to get at the Prophet Joe Smith, and seems to discover an opening): Faith in——!

Mormon Agent (far too many for Uncommercial): Well—in anything.

Similarly on this same head, the Uncommercial underwent discomfiture from a Wiltshire labourer: a simple fresh-coloured farm-labourer, of eight-and-thirty, who at one time stood beside him looking on at new arrivals, and with whom he held this dialogue.

Uncommercial: Would you mind my asking you what part of the country you come from?

Wiltshire: Not a bit. Theer! (exultantly) I've worked all my life o' Salisbury Plain, right under the shadder o' Stonehenge. You mightn't think it, but I haive.

Uncommercial: And a pleasant country too.

Wiltshire: Ah! 'Tis a pleasant country.

Uncommercial: Have you any family on board?

Wiltshire: Two children, boy and gal. I am a widderer, *I* am, and I'm going out alonger my boy and gal. That's my gal, and she's a fine gal o' sixteen (pointing out the girl who is writing by the boat). I'll go and fetch my boy. I'd like to show you my boy. (Here Wiltshire disappears, and presently comes back with a big shy boy of twelve, in a superabundance of boots, who is not at all glad to be presented.) He is a fine boy too, and a boy fur to work! (Boy having undutifully bolted, Wiltshire drops him.)

Uncommercial: It must cost you a great deal of money to go so far, three strong.

Wiltshire: A power of money. Theer! Eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, eight shillen a week, put by out of the week's wages for ever so long.

Uncommercial: I wonder how you did it.

Wiltshire (recognising in this a kindred spirit): See theer now! *I* wonder how I done it! But what with a bit o' subscription heer, and what with a bit o' help theer, it were done at last, though I don't hardly know how. Then it were unfort'net for us, you see, as we got kep' in Bristol so long—nigh a fortnight, it were—on accounts of a mistake wi' Brother Halliday. Swaller'd up money, it did, when we might have come straight on.

Uncommercial (delicately approaching Joe Smith): You are of the Mormon religion, of course?

Wiltshire (confidently). O yes, *I*'m a Mormon. (Then reflectively.) I'm a Mormon. (Then, looking round the ship, feigns to descry a particular friend in an empty spot, and evades the Uncommercial for evermore.)

After a noontide pause for dinner, during which my emigrants were nearly all between-decks, and the *Amazon* looked deserted, a general muster took place. The muster was for the ceremony of passing the government inspector and the doctor. Those authorities held their temporary state amidships, by a cask or two; and, knowing that the whole eight hundred emigrants must come face to face with them, I took my station behind the two. They knew nothing whatever of me, I believe, and my testimony to the unpretending gentleness and good nature with which they discharged their duty may be of the greater worth. There was not the slightest flavour of the circumlocution office about their proceedings.

The emigrants were now all on deck. They were densely crowded aft, and swarmed upon the poop-deck like bees. Two or three Mormon agents stood ready to hand them on to the inspector, and to hand them forward when they had passed. By what successful means a special aptitude for organisation had been infused into these people I am, of course, unable to report. But I know that, even now, there was no disorder, hurry, or difficulty.

All being ready, the first group are handed on. That member of the party who is entrusted with the passenger-tickets for the whole has been warned by one of the agents to have it ready, and here it is in his hand. In every instance, through the whole eight hundred, without an exception, this paper is always ready.

Inspector (reading the ticket): Jessie Jobson, Sophronia Jobson, Jessie Jobson again, Matilda Jobson, William Jobson, Jane Jobson, Matilda Jobson again, Brigham Jobson, Leonardo Jobson, and Orson Jobson. Are you all here? (glancing at the party, over his spectacles).

Jessie Jobson Number Two: All here, sir.

This group is composed of an old grandfather and grandmother, their married son and his wife, and *their* family of children. Orson Jobson is a little child asleep in his mother's arms. The doctor, with a kind word or so, lifts up the corner of the mother's shawl, looks at the child's face, and touches the little clenched hand. If we were all as well as Orson Jobson doctoring would be a poor profession.

Inspector: Quite right, Jessie Jobson. Take your ticket, Jessie, and pass on.

And away they go. Mormon agent, skilful and quiet, hands them on. Mormon agent, skilful and quiet, hands next party up.

Inspector (reading ticket again): Susannah Cleverly and William Cleverly. Brother and sister, eh!

Sister (young woman of business, hustling slow brother): Yes, sir.

Inspector: Very good, Susannah Cleverly. Take your ticket, Susannah, and take care of it.

And away they go.

Inspector (taking ticket again): Sampson Dibble and

Dorothy Dibble (surveying a very old couple over his spectacles, with some surprise): Your husband quite blind, Mrs. Dibble?

Mrs. Dibble: Yes, sir, he be stone-blind.

Mr. Dibble (addressing the mast): Yes, sir, I be stone-blind.

Inspector: That's a bad job. Take your ticket, Mrs. Dibble, and don't lose it, and pass on.

Doctor taps Mr. Dibble on the eye-brow with his forefinger, and away they go.

Inspector (taking ticket again): Anastatia Weedle.

Anastatia (a pretty girl, in a bright Garibaldi, this morning elected by universal suffrage the Beauty of the ship): That is me, sir.

Inspector: Going alone, Anastatia?

Anastatia (shaking her curls): I am with Mrs. Jobson, sir, but I've got separated for the moment.

Inspector: Oh! You are with the Jobsons? Quite right. That'll do, Miss Weedle. Don't lose your ticket.

Away she goes, and joins the Jobsons, who are waiting for her, and stoops and kisses Brigham Jobson—who appears to be considered too young for the purpose by several Mormons rising twenty, who are looking on. Before her extensive skirts have departed from the casks a decent widow stands there with four children, and so the roll goes.

The faces of some of the people, among whom there were many old persons, were certainly unintelligent. Some of these emigrants would have bungled sorely but for the directing hand that was always ready. There were many worn faces bearing traces of patient poverty and hard work, and there was great steadiness of purpose and much undemonstrative self-respect among this class. A few young men were going singly. Several girls were going, two or three together. These latter I found it very difficult to refer back, in my mind, to their relinquished homes and pursuits. Perhaps they were more like country milliners and pupil teachers rather tawdrily dressed than any other classes of young women. I noticed, among many little ornaments worn, more than one photograph-brooch of the Princess of Wales, and also of the late Prince Consort. Some single women of from thirty to forty, whom one might suppose to be embroiderers or straw-bonnet-makers, were obviously going out in quest of husbands, as finer ladies go to India. That they had any distinct notions of a plurality of husbands or wives I do not believe. To suppose the family groups of whom the majority of emigrants were composed polygamically possessed would be to suppose an absurdity, manifest to any one who saw the fathers and mothers.

I should say (I had no means of ascertaining the fact) that most familiar kinds of handicraft trades were represented here. Farm-labourers, shepherds, and the lie, had their full share of representation, but I doubt if they preponderated. It was interesting to see how the leading spirit in the family circle never failed to show itself, even in the simple process of answering to the names as they were called, and checking off

the owners of the names. Sometimes it was the father, much oftener the mother, sometimes a quick little girl second or third in order of seniority. It seemed to occur for the first time to some heavy fathers what large families they had; and their eyes rolled about, during the calling of the list, as if they half misdoubted some other family to have been smuggled into their own. Among all the fine handsome children, I observed but two with marks upon their necks that were probably scrofulous. Out of the whole number of emigrants but one old woman was temporarily set aside by the doctor, on suspicion of fever, but even she afterwards obtained a clean bill of health.

When all had 'passed,' and the afternoon began to wear on, a black box became visible on deck, which box was in charge of certain personages also in black, of whom only one had the conventional air of an itinerant preacher. This box contained a supply of hymn-books, neatly printed and got up, published at Liverpool, and also in London at the 'Latter Day Saints' Book Depot, 30, Florence Street.' Some copies were handsomely bound; the plainer were the more in request, and many were bought. The title ran: 'Sacred Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.' The preface, dated Manchester, 1840, ran thus:—'The Saints in this country have been very desirous for a Hymn Book adapted to their faith and worship, that they might sing the truth with an understanding heart, and express their praise, joy and gratitude in songs adapted to the New and Everlasting Covenant. In accordance with their wishes, we have selected the following volume, which we hope will prove acceptable until a greater variety can be added. With sentiments of high consideration and esteem, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the New and Everlasting Covenant, BRIGHAM YOUNG, PARLEY P. PRATT, JOHN TAYLOR.' From this book—by no means explanatory to myself of the New and Everlasting Covenant, and not at all making my heart an understanding one on the subject of that mystery—a hymn was sung, which did not attract any great amount of attention, and was supported by a rather select circle. But the choir in the boat was very popular and pleasant; and there was to have been a band, only the cornet was late in coming on board. In the course of the afternoon a mother appeared from shore, in search of her daughter, 'who had run away with the Mormons.' She received every assistance from the inspector, but her daughter was not found to be on board. The saints did not seem to me particularly interested in finding her.

I afterwards learned that a dispatch was sent home by the captain before he struck out into the wide Atlantic, highly extolling the behaviour of these emigrants, and the perfect order and propriety of all their social arrangements. What is in store for the poor people on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, what happy delusions they are labouring under now, on what miserable blindness their eyes may be opened then, I do not pretend to say. But I went on board their ship to bear testimony against them if they deserved it, as I fully believed they would; to my great astonishment they did not deserve it;

(Continued on page 394)

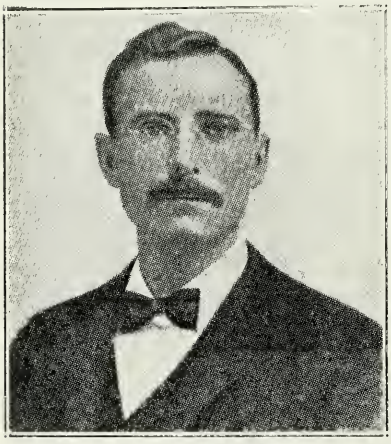
Added Upon

A STORY

By Nephi Anderson

PART SECOND—SECTION IX.

"Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."—James 2: 17



Nephi Anderson

AT the time of Rupert Ames' arrival in the valley, full crops were never certain, and during some years, rain was so scarce that there were no crops at all. Mr. Janson had already lost the best part of two years' work by failure of crops. Rupert Ames learned of this from Mr. Janson, and then he wondered why advantage was not taken of the stream in the bottom of the valley for irrigation purposes.

One day—it was near the end of the harvest, and they were pitting their last potatoes—Rupert asked Mr. Janson if the adjoining lands could be bought.

"Why, yes," was the reply. "I was offered nearly the whole valley for a small sum, but I have all the land I care to handle. You see, this region would be different if we could rely on the moisture, but we can't, and I am nearly tired of it myself. Do you want to buy me out?" This with a laugh.

"Can you raise money enough to buy this whole valley?" asked Rupert seriously.

"Yes; I could get it."

"Then I am going to propose something to you."

Whereupon Rupert pointed out that the rich bench lands on each side of the river could be brought under cultivation, and crops secured every year by bringing the water from the stream in canals, and watering, or irrigating them. Mr. Janson listened with wonder at Rupert's description of Dry-bench reservoir, and how simple it would be to construct canals by which to water this valley.

"This valley can be made to support a good-sized population," said Rupert. "By securing the land and digging canals to it, and then selling it out in farms again—well, if you don't make a hundred per cent on your investment, I am mistaken."

They had many talks on the scheme, and at last it was decided to try it. Rupert would supervise the construction of the canals. He would remain during the winter, do what work could be done before the snow came, and then continue the work in the spring.

When the snow came, Rupert rode twenty-one miles to the county seat, took the teachers' examination, received a certificate, and obtained the district school for the winter. It was a new experience for him, and a trying one at first. The big boys came to school to get out of the storm, and incidentally, to learn something of the three R's. They were often wild, but Rupert managed them without doing any "licking," the usual mode of discipline. He now wrote to his sister Nina, and told her that he was settled for the winter; that he expected to get back to Willowby, but not for a time.

So the winter months passed. Rupert studied his own lessons when he was not preparing for his day's work. He made frequent visits to the Jansons. He was always received as a friend, and, indeed, was treated as one of the family.

Was it strange that a tie should grow between Rupert Ames and Signe Dahl? Was it anything out of the way that Rupert's trips became more frequent, and that the fair-haired Norwegian looked longingly down the road for the school-master's horse?

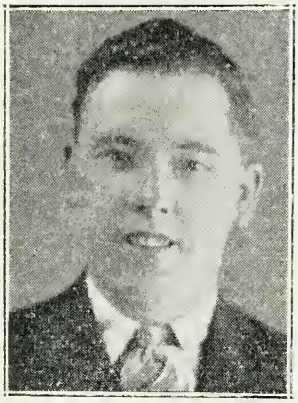
Rupert did not try to deceive himself. It had been a year only since his experience with Virginia Wilton. He had thought that he never would get over that, but even now he could look back on it with indifference, yes, even with thankfulness. This love which seemed to be coming to him was different from that first experience. He could not explain this difference, but he knew that it existed. Rupert had no misgivings. Signe did not thrill him, did not hold him spellbound with her presence. No; it was only a calm, sweet assurance that she was a good girl, that he loved her, and that she thought well of him. Their conversations were mostly on serious, but deeply interesting subjects. Signe, in common with her cousin and Mr. Janson, had religious views of her own, which were peculiar, at least to Rupert. Nothing more than the common doctrines of the Christian denominations had Rupert ever heard. Signe knew her Bible well, and she could find wonderful things within its covers, teachings which were new to Rupert, but which opened to him a future, a bright, glorious future, full of possibilities. Besides, they explained to him many of the mysteries of life and answered many of its hard questions.

Thus one evening—it was Friday, and he lingered longer on that evening—Mr. and Mrs. Janson were visiting neighbours, and Rupert and Signe were alone. They sat by the kitchen stove, and the blazing pine wood made a lamp unnecessary. Signe had received a letter from home which she had translated to Rupert. Her father had long since forgiven her. The little money she sent home now and then multiplied into quite a few kroner by the time it reached Norway, and it helped the struggling family. After old country topics had been exhausted, the conversation had drifted to religious themes, and especially to the doctrine expressed in the song "O My Father," but they now sat silently looking into the fire. Their chairs were not far apart, and it was an easy matter for Rupert to lay his hand over Signe's fingers that rested on the arm of her chair and draw them closely into his big palm.

(To be continued)

Peace

By Elder George Pitts



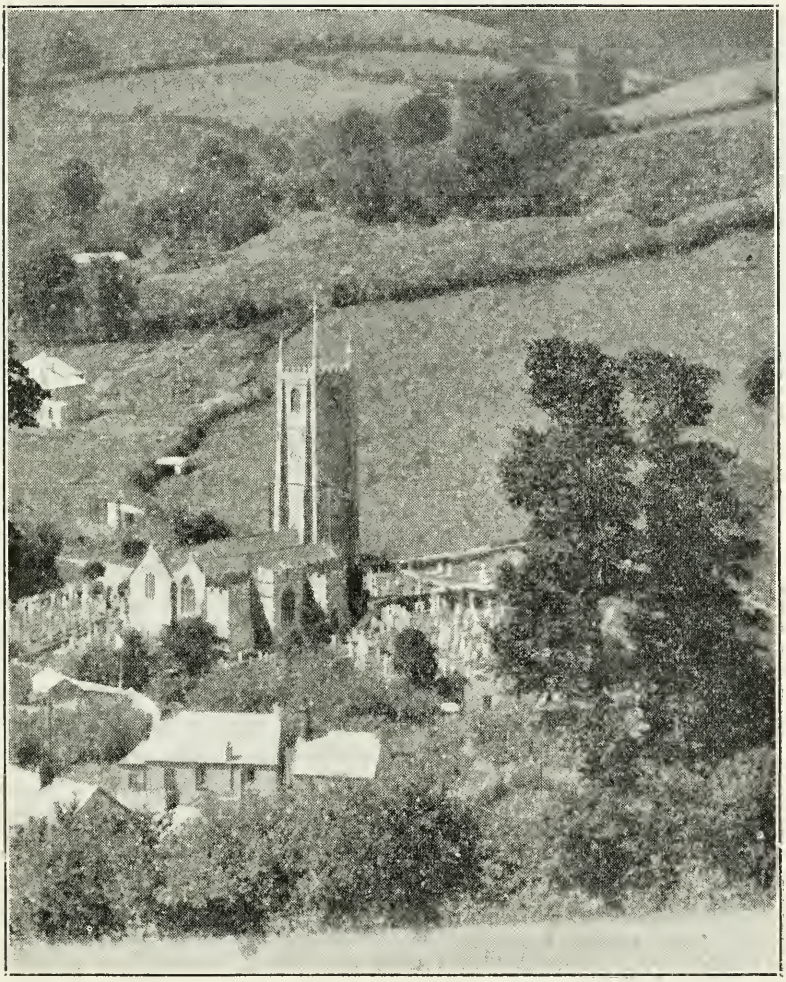
George Pitts

IT was a beautiful Summer morning when I made my way down the main street of a typical old-world village that nestles in the Cotswold Hill of Gloucestershire. Behind the trees in a rectory garden, the sun was just showing itself and shedding a warm and radiant glow over the earth. As I looked out over the valley below where I stood drinking in the beauty of nature, painted as it were on an immense canvas by some master hand, the song of a thrush was wafted across to me. It was singing as if it wanted the whole world to hear its glad song. The scent of roses and honeysuckle filled the air, and as I made my way past the thatched cottages, the smoke from their chimneys ascending straight into the blue sky, gave me the impression of Prayers ascending from the hearts of these simple village folk. An atmosphere of extreme peace permeated that place that morning and I felt full of an indescribable joy.

I halted before the Parish Church and gazed reverently at its ancient stonework. Here was romance and tradition. What tales could these old walls tell of hundreds of souls that regularly crossed its threshold to worship the Lord. Generations of families in whom respect was inherent for the God who made them. And then the strains of the church organ floated out through the open door; the organist was playing Handel's "Largo" and my ear became readily receptive to the tune of that beautiful composition.

The notes of the organ reverberated through the old church filling it with a beautiful melody, and as I listened to the lovely harmonious strains, the realisation came upon me that it was HARMONY THAT OILS THE WHEELS OF LIFE.

It was harmony that was responsible for that peace that prevailed in that old village that morning. As I recall the incident, I am confronted with the horrible realisation that the peace of that little spot is liable to be utterly shattered. Instead of the sound of that beautiful organ filling the air with its melodious notes, the devastating noises of warfare may shatter its complete stillness. As in this, so in life and living. Could not we develop that very necessary spirit of LOVE, charity towards our fellow men, forebearance, meakness and humility so that we shall do nothing contrary to harmonious living. By so doing, we shall be contributing largely to the production of that oil of harmony essential to the accomplishment of the universal brotherhood of man, a preparatory state to the advent of the Saviour who will usher in a PEACE that will remain for eternity.



Coombe Martin, Devon

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1940

EDITORIAL

James P. Hill

Andre K. Anastasiou

James R. Cunningham

1840 - 1940

THE "MILLENNIAL STAR," the forerunner of the GREAT MILLENNIUM itself, is celebrating this month one hundred years of its existence.

"It is with heartfelt joy and satisfaction we have the pleasure of sending forth the first number of the "Millennial Star"—that luminary, which, rightly conducted, may be a means in the hands of God, of breaking the slumber and silence of the midnight darkness, which, like a gloomy cloud, has long hung over the moral horizon—of dispelling the mists of error and superstition which have darkened the understanding and benumbed and blunted every great and noble faculty of the soul—and kindling a spark of light in the hearts of thousands, which will at length blaze forth and light up the dawn of that great day which was seen afar off by the holy men of old—the Sabbath of Creation"—thus wrote Elder Parley P. Pratt in his first Editorial.

One hundred years have passed by and the "Millennial Star," true to its prophetic name, has not failed to proclaim to the inhabitants of this land and to the world at large, the Message of Hope, the Plan of Salvation, the Restoration of the fulness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the coming forth of the Church and King-

dom of God in all its transcendent power and glory.

Awe-inspiring revelations from Heaven, personal visitations of the heavenly beings, the most glorious appearance of the Father and the Son to the youthful Joseph Smith, spiritual manifestations and revelations for the guidance and upbuilding of the Church are reposing on the pages of the "Star." The joyous tidings of the acceptance of the Restored Gospel by the thousands of the British people, the building of places of worship, the baptisms and other historical events of the past century are chronicled in the "Star."

Never deviating a hair's breadth to the right or to the left from the principles of truth, but pursuing a straightforward, bold and fearless course, the "Star" has guided countless numbers of people to accept the Plan of Salvation, to receive the baptism for the remission of sins at the hands of the authorised servants of God.

This great luminary, rightly conducted by such humble and at the same time wise and trained men, has been a means in the hands of God to break down the slumber and silence of the dark ages of apostacy, and of bringing forth the new Light, the full Truth, the new Hope for the salvation of all the children of men.

Many a man and woman, wise of mind and humble of heart, has accepted the message of the "Star," and today countless numbers of the Latter-day Saints rejoice in the testimony of the Restored Gospel. Those of the flock who have passed to the great beyond rejoice in the light and dwell in happiness, and having been spared the spiritual prison filled with the spirits of the disobedient, await the morning of the first resurrection to return to this earth, to take upon themselves their own bodies again and to dwell with the Lord and His Angels during the reign of the Great Millennium.

We of today rejoice with you, Latter-day Saints. We share the feelings of every true member of the Church that the "Star" has been a blessing and a guide to all of us.

What of tomorrow? The "Millennial Star" shall go onward and upward through the years of joy and sorrow; years of plenty and want, through war and peace, until the Resurrection Day and the Great Millennium. Such is the prophetic destiny and object of the "Millennial Star."

ANDRE K. ANASTASIOU,
JAMES P. HILL,
JAMES R. CUNNINGHAM.

Parley P. Pratt

The Life Of Parley P. Pratt

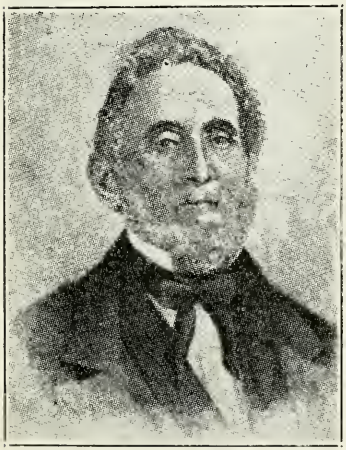
(Condensed from his own Autobiography)

PARLEY P. PRATT, the first Editor of the "Millennial Star," was born April 12th, 1807, in Burlington, Otsego County, New York.

"Of my early youth," he says, "I can say but little. My father was a hard working man, and generally occupied in agricultural pursuits; and, although limited in education, he sometimes taught school and even vocal music." It appears that he was of a Christian nature, too, for he taught them to "venerate their Father in Heaven, Jesus Christ, His apostles, and the scriptures written by them." The children were encouraged to attend public worship in chapels of various sects, although occasionally Father Pratt manifested a "decided disapprobation of the hireling clergy, who seemed, in his estimation, to prefer the learning and wisdom of man to the power of the Holy Ghost."

Parley states that he always loved a book. "If I worked hard, a book was in my hand in the morning while others were sitting down to breakfast; the same at noon; if I had a few moments, a book! A book! A book at evening while others slept or sported; a book on Sundays; a book at every leisure moment of my life." At the age of seven he was taught to read by his mother, particularly the Scriptures, and he states they "inspired me with love, and with the noblest sentiments ever planted in the bosom of man."

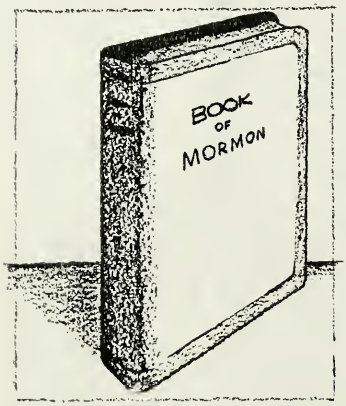
Eventually he was baptized into the Baptist Society, but he was not satisfied, neither could he obtain satisfaction from the minister. Then the family suffered severe reverses, and "weary and disconsolate" he resolved to bid farewell to the civilised world, and spend the rest of his life, hardly begun, in the solitudes of the Western part of America. He spent a winter in a lonely cabin in the midst of a dense forest. Then when Spring came again he took a piece of land and developed a farm. In the summer of 1827, he returned home and was married in September of that year.



Sidney Rigdon

Eighteen months passed, "and about this time, one, Sidney Rigdon, came into the neighbourhood as a preacher, and it was rumoured that he was a kind of reformed Baptist. At length, I went to hear him and what was my astonishment when I found he preached faith in Jesus Christ, repentance towards God, and baptism for the remission of sins with the promise of the gifts of the Holy Ghost to all who would come forward."

"After hearing Mr. Rigdon several times, I came out with a number of others, and embraced what he taught. We were organised into a society, and met frequently for public worship. . . . At the commencement of 1830, I felt drawn out in an extraordinary manner to search the prophets, and to pray for an understanding of the same. . . . I was so astonished at the darkness of mankind, that I felt constrained to devote my time in enlightening my fellow-men on these important truths." He came into contact with his brother William at this time, who had been away, and informed him of his intentions, upon which William expressed surprise that Parley should want to give up his security. "Besides," he said, "how are you to get your living?" "Why, sir," replied Parley, "I have bank bills enough to sustain myself and family while we live." He then unlocked his treasury, and drawing forth a large pocket book, read, "Whoever shall forsake father and mother, brethren and sisters, houses or lands, wife or children, for my sake and the Gospel's, shall receive an hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting." "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, you shall ask what you will in my name, and I will give it to you." In August, 1830, the Pratts' bid adieu to their wilderness home. At a place called Rochester, he told his wife that he must leave her as he felt that there was a work to be done in that part of the country. She therefore went to visit friends while he proceeded alone.

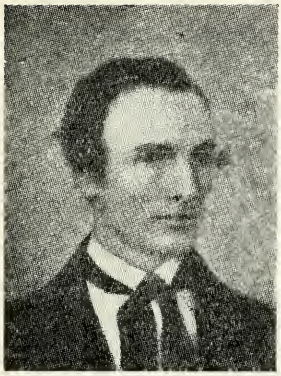


One day he visited an old Baptist deacon by the name of Hamblin, who told him of a very strange book in his possession, which had just been published. It had been translated he said from gold plates by a young man near Palmyra "by the aid of visions and the ministry of angels. I felt a strange interest in the book," says Parley, and next day he returned to the old man to peruse it.

"I opened it with eagerness, and read its title page. I then read the testimony of its several witnesses in relation to the manner of its being found and translated. After this I commenced its contents by course. I read all day; eating was a burden, I had no desire for food; sleep was a burden when the night came, for I preferred reading to sleep.

"As I read, the Spirit of the Lord was upon me. and I knew that the book was true. as plainly and manifestly as a man knows that he exists. My joy was now full . . . and I determined to see the young man who had been the instrument of its discovery and translation."

Parley Pratt was baptised a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the 1st of September, 1830, by Oliver Cowdery, and was ordained an Elder that same day. "I now felt that I had authority in the ministry." Soon after-



Oliver Cowdery

wards he met the Prophet Joseph himself and this is the description he gives of him:

"President Joseph Smith was in person tall and well-built, strong and active; of a light complexion, light hair, blue eyes, very little beard and of an expression peculiar to himself, on which the eye rested with interest, and was never weary of beholding. His countenance was ever mild, affable, beaming with intelligence and benevolence; mingled with a look of interest and an unconscious smile, or cheerfulness, and entirely free from all restraint or affectation of gravity; and there was something connected with the serene and steady penetrating glance of his eye, as if he would penetrate the deepest abyss of the human heart, gaze into eternity, penetrate the heavens, and comprehend all worlds. He possessed a noble boldness and independence of character; his manner was easy and familiar; his rebuke terrible as the lion; his benevolence unbounded as the ocean; his intelligence universal, and his language abounding in original eloquence peculiar to himself —not polished—not studied—not smoothed and softened by education and refined by art; but flowing forth in its own native simplicity, and profusely abounding in variety of subject matter. He interested and edified, while, at the same time, he amused and entertained his audience; and none listened to him that were ever weary of his discourse. I have known him to retain a congregation of willing and anxious listeners for many hours together, in the rain or wind, in the midst of cold or sunshine, while they were laughing at one moment and weeping the next. Even his most bitter enemies were generally overcome, if he could once get their ears."

In October, 1830, Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, Ziba Peterson, and Parley P. Pratt were called to fulfil a mission to the Western States during the course of which Sidney Rigdon was again contacted. He was converted to the Gospel and ordained to the ministry.

While further engaged in the work of preaching the Gospel, Parley was arrested and on a frivolous charge. The judge boasted his intention of throwing him into prison to test his "Apostleship," although he was only an Elder at this time. Parley was locked up for a night, preparatory to being transferred to prison in the morning.

He records the following: "In the morning, I requested to step out. I walked out into the public square accompanied by my keeper. Said I, 'Mr. Peabody, are you good at a race?' 'No,' said he, 'but my big bull dog is, and he has been trained to assist me in my office these several years; he will take any man down at my bidding.'

" 'Well, Mr. Peabody, you compelled me to go with you a

mile, I have gone two miles . . . I must now go on my journey; if you are good at a race you can accompany me. I thank you for all your kindness—good day, sir.' He did not wake from his astonishment sufficiently to start in pursuit till I had gained perhaps two hundred yards. . . Then he came hallooing after me, shouting to his dog to seize me. The dog . . . came close on me . . . with all its fury and was in the act of leaping upon me, when suddenly the thought struck me, to assist the officer by sending the dog . . . to the forest a little distance before me. I pointed my finger in that direction, clapped my hands, and shouted in imitation of the officer. The dog hastened past me with redoubled speed . . . I soon lost sight of them both and have not seen them since."

From here Parley proceeded to fulfil a mission to the Red Indians in company with others, but their efforts were curtailed owing to opposition, and he says, "Thus ended our first Indian Mission in which we preached the Gospel in its fulness, and distributed the record of their forefathers among three tribes, the Catteraugus, near Buffalo, the Wyandots of Ohio, and the Delawares west of Missouri. We trust that at some future day, when the servants of God go forth in power to the remnant of Joseph, some precious seed will be found growing in their hearts, which was sown by us in that day." (That seed, as we now know, has been cultivated and many of the Red Indians have become members of the Church.)

Red Indian

The four Elders now gathered at Independence, Jackson County, and decided that one of them must return to the headquarters of the Church and report on their activities. Elder Pratt was chosen to perform this duty. He set out and covered the first part of the journey on foot, some three hundred miles, then took a steamer, and finished the trip on foot. In all he walked about six hundred miles and it must have taken him nearly three weeks. The spring season was approaching and the roads were very bad and muddy owing to the snows beginning to disappear and the rivers breaking up: thus he "found himself much fatigued and quite out of condition." He records how he inquired at the house of an old gentleman if he could put up a stranger who was without money. "The old gentleman cast his eyes upon me, and beheld a weary, weather-beaten traveller: soiled with the toil of a long journey; besmeared with mud, eyes inflamed with pain, long beard, and a face lengthened by sickness and extreme fatigue. After a moment's hesitation he bade me welcome, and invited me into his house. Several ladies were at tea."

They insisted on him partaking of some refreshment and questioned him as to where he had been. He told them and they required to know if he had come across four "great Prophets" while he had been travelling. He asked them what they meant by this and discovered that they were referring to himself and his companions. Next day he was confined to his bed with measles, and came near to dying during the ensuing weeks. He recovered, however, and visited many of the saints in Kirtland, among whom he was made very welcome. Shortly afterwards he was commanded by revelation to go with two others on a special mission to the Shakers, whose influence it seems had created a profound effect on certain of the saints. He states that "some very strange spiritual operations were manifested, which were disgusting rather than edifying." As a result he went with others to Joseph Smith and asked him to "inquire of the Lord concerning this." In answer to this, Section 50 of the Doctrine and Covenants was received by the Prophet, and a very interesting account is given by Parley of the revelation as follows:

"After we had joined in prayer in the translating room he dictated the revelation in our presence. Each sentence was uttered slowly and very distinctly, and with a pause between each, sufficiently long for it to be recorded, by an ordinary writer, in long-hand. This was the manner in which all his written revelations were dictated and written. There was never any hesitation, reviewing, or reading back, in order to keep the run of the subject; neither did any of these communications undergo revisions, interlinings, or corrections. As he dictated them, so they stood, so far as I have witnessed, and I was present to witness the dictation of several communications of several pages each."

Parley then tells of a young woman who was stricken down with a lingering fever, but refused steadfastly to have a physician to attend her. Several of the Church people had visited her and prayed with her, but no avail. This engendered a feeling among her relatives and friends against the Church and they exclaimed that she was being left to die because of silly superstition. Joseph Smith and Parley Pratt therefore went to see her. "The Elders kneeled down and prayed vocally all round, after which President Smith arose . . . took her by the hand, and said in a loud voice, 'In the name of Jesus Christ arise and walk.' She immediately arose . . . and from that minute was perfectly restored to health." Following this Parley describes how he cast the devils out of Newel Knight, which was immediately followed by the Spirit of the Lord descending upon Brother Knight to such extent that he was caught up to the ceiling and discovered that his shoulder and head was pressing against the beams, and visions of heaven were opened to him.

There followed for Parley Pratt a long period of illness of which he was eventually miraculously healed, and after further journeying he was re-united with his wife, after an absence of one year and seven months. From thence Parley's life was a series of Missions to various parts, during which he received many manifestations of the Spirit and was instrumental in a

number of miraculous healings. He was closely associated with the dreadful persecutions of the saints, and at length discovered himself to be in a very low condition. He was in great debt, his wife was ill, and one evening he retired to rest and ponder his future course when a knock came at the door and Heber C. Kimball entered. The spirit of prophecy was with them and Elder Kimball uttered this prophecy over Parley:

"Brother Parley, thy wife shall be healed from this hour, and shall bear a son, and his name shall be Parley; and he shall be a chosen instrument in the hands of the Lord to inherit the Priesthood and to walk in the steps of his Father. He shall do a great work in the earth in ministering the word and teaching the children of men. Arise, therefore and go forth in the ministry, nothing doubting. Take no thought for your debts, nor the necessary things of life, for the Lord will supply you with abundant means for all things.

"Thou shalt go to upper Canada, even to the city of Toronto, the capital, and there thou shalt find a people prepared for the fulness of the Gospel, and they shall receive thee, and thou shalt organize the Church among them, and it shall spread from thence into the regions round about, and many shall be brought to the knowledge of the truth and shall be filled with joy; and from the things growing out of this mission, shall the fulness of the Gospel spread to England, and cause a great work to be done in that land.

"You shall not only have means to deliver you from your present embarrassments, but you shall yet have riches, silver and gold, till you will loathe the counting thereof."

Parley had been married ten years and as yet his wife had borne him no children, since for six years she had been consumptive and was considered incurable.

In a few days he left on a Mission and arrived at Niagara Falls, April, 1836. He describes it thus:

"As this was my first visit to this place it made a deep impression on my mind. We halted a time to view this wonder of nature, and to adore that God who had formed a world so sublimely grand. The leaping of a mighty river of water over a perpendicular fall of one hundred and sixty feet, the foaming and dashing of its white spray upon the rocks beneath; the rising cloud of mist with its glittering rainbow, the yawning gulf with its thousand whirlpools; all conspired to fill the contemplative mind with reverence to the great Author of all the wonders of creation; . . . While musing on this spot, I fell into the following train of reflection: O, Niagara! Generations may pass in long succession; ages may roll away and others still succeed; empires may rise and flourish, and pass away and be forogtten, but still thy deafening, thy solemn and awful voice is heard in one eternal roar. The temple of marble may moulder to dust, the monuments of the great may crumble to decay, the palaces of kings fall to ruin and their very place become unknown, their history forgotten in almost countless ages of antiquity; and still thy sound is heard in everlasting moan, as if mourning over the ruins of bygone years."

They journeyed on to Toronto and the first house they entered was that of John Taylor, who later became President of the Church. They found the people ready to receive the Gospel and many were baptized. In two months Parley returned to Kirtland and discovered that his wife had been healed of her malady and after visiting the Saints he took her back with him to Canada where he continued his labours. Less than a year after Heber Kimball's prophecy his wife bore him a son, three hours after which event she passed away. A few days previous to her death she was informed in vision of its approaching nearness and became so resigned to it that she longed to fulfil the prophecy and depart this life. She was buried in the churchyard near the Temple in Kirtland and many hundreds attended the funeral. "Farewell," writes Parley, "thou wife of my youth, and mother of my first born; the beginning of my strength—farewell. Yet a few more lingering years of sorrow, and I shall be with you, and thou shalt sit down on my throne, as a queen and priestess of thy lord . . . and thy sons and daughters innummerable shall call thee blessed, and hold thy name in everlasting remembrance."

Kirtland Temple

Shortly after this Parley frankly admits that he became obsessed with an evil spirit which caused him to murmur in company with many other Saints. He overcame it, however, and with a contrite heart approached the Prophet and asked forgiveness, which Joseph readily gave. In July he went to New York and there published the well-known work "The Voice Of Warning." This has since been published and re-published many times and been sold in some thousands. As a result of Parley's ministrations in Canada, many of the converted Saints expressed the desire to go to England and open up the work of the Lord there, since that was their place of origin and they had many friends there. Thus it was that yet another part of the prophecy was fulfilled and in 1837 certain Elders left for Britain.

There followed for Parley a period of great trial and tribulation in which he suffered in common with the Saints much persecution at the hands of mobs and State Militia, being

thrown into prison several times. In fact, he spent eight months in prison altogether. He once had an opportunity to escape such indignities, but he considered it his duty to go with the Prophet and did so. He relates stories of horrible prison conditions and chains and brutal exposure. He tells the story of that ghastly and bloody tragedy at Haun's Mill (recorded in full in several of the Church Histories). He describes that well-known and impressive scene in connection with the Prophet, whilst imprisoned with him:

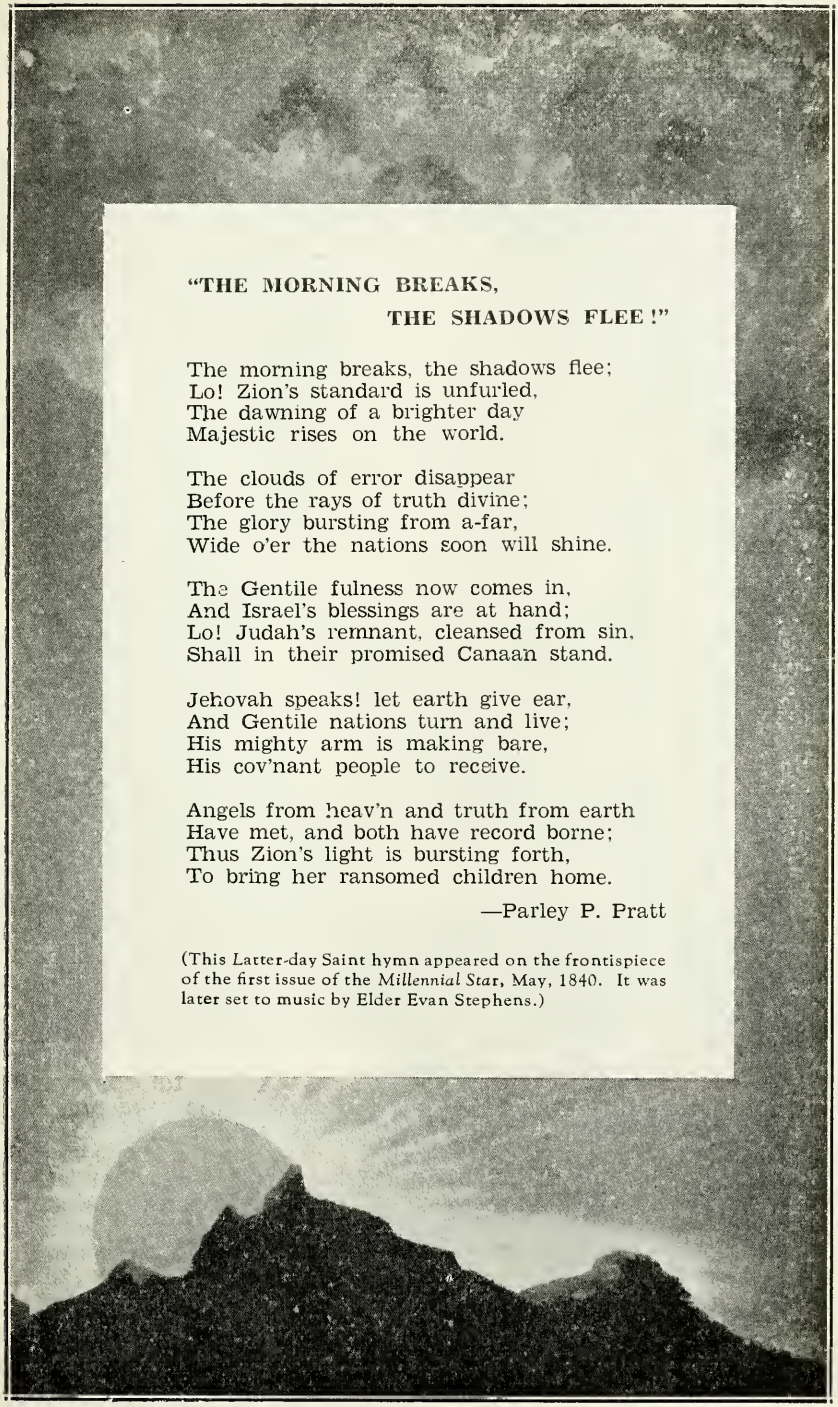
"In one of these tedious nights we had lain as if in sleep till the hour of midnight had passed . . . while we listened for hours to the obscene jests, the horrid oaths, the dreadful blasphemies and filthy language of our guards . . . I had listened until I had become so disgusted . . . that I could scarcely refrain from rising on my feet and rebuking them; but had said nothing to Joseph . . . although I lay next to him and knew he was awake. On a sudden he arose on his feet, and spoke in a voice of thunder, as of a roaring lion, uttering, as near as I can recollect:

" 'Silence, ye fiends of the infernal pit. In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still; I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk, or you or I die this instant!'

"He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained, and without a weapon; calm, unruffled and dignified as an angel, he looked upon the quailing guards, whose weapons were lowered or dropped to the ground; whose knees smote together, and who, shrinking into a corner or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon, and remained quiet till change of guards.

"I have seen the ministers of justice, clothed in magisterial robes, and criminals arraigned before them, while life was suspended on a breath, in the Courts of England; I have witnessed a Congress in solemn session to give laws to nations; I have tried to conceive of kings, of royal courts, of thrones and crowns; and of emperors assembled to decide the fate of kingdoms; but dignity and majesty have I seen but once, as it stood in chains at midnight, in a dungeon in an obscure village."

On the ninth of March, 1840, Parley P. Pratt boarded the ship "Patrick Henry" for Liverpool, England. The passage took twenty-eight days and they landed at Liverpool on the sixth of April, just ten years after the Church was organised. Soon after he was appointed Editor and Publisher of the "Millennial Star," the first number of which was issued one hundred years ago this week. For this first issue Parley wrote the hymn "The Morning Breaks, The Shadows Flee" which appeared on the cover. He later became President of the Mission. It was during a conference in July that he received word from America that all his family were ill. At the instigation of the brethren with whom he was labouring he returned home to them. He found them upon arrival all recovered and soon set about



"THE MORNING BREAKS, THE SHADOWS FLEE!"

The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled,
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine;
The glory bursting from a-far,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.

The Gentile fulness now comes in,
And Israel's blessings are at hand;
Lo! Judah's remnant, cleansed from sin,
Shall in their promised Canaan stand.

Jehovah speaks! let earth give ear,
And Gentile nations turn and live;
His mighty arm is making bare,
His cov'nant people to receive.

Angels from heav'n and truth from earth
Have met, and both have record borne;
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To bring her ransomed children home.

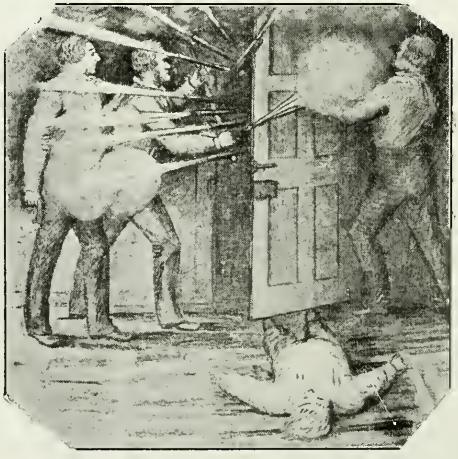
—Parley P. Pratt

(This Latter-day Saint hymn appeared on the frontispiece of the first issue of the *Millennial Star*, May, 1840. It was later set to music by Elder Evan Stephens.)

bringing them back with him. They landed in England in October and he resumed his Editorial duties. The "Star" had been carried on in his absence by Elders Brigham Young and Willard Richards. Elder Young superintended the publishing department.

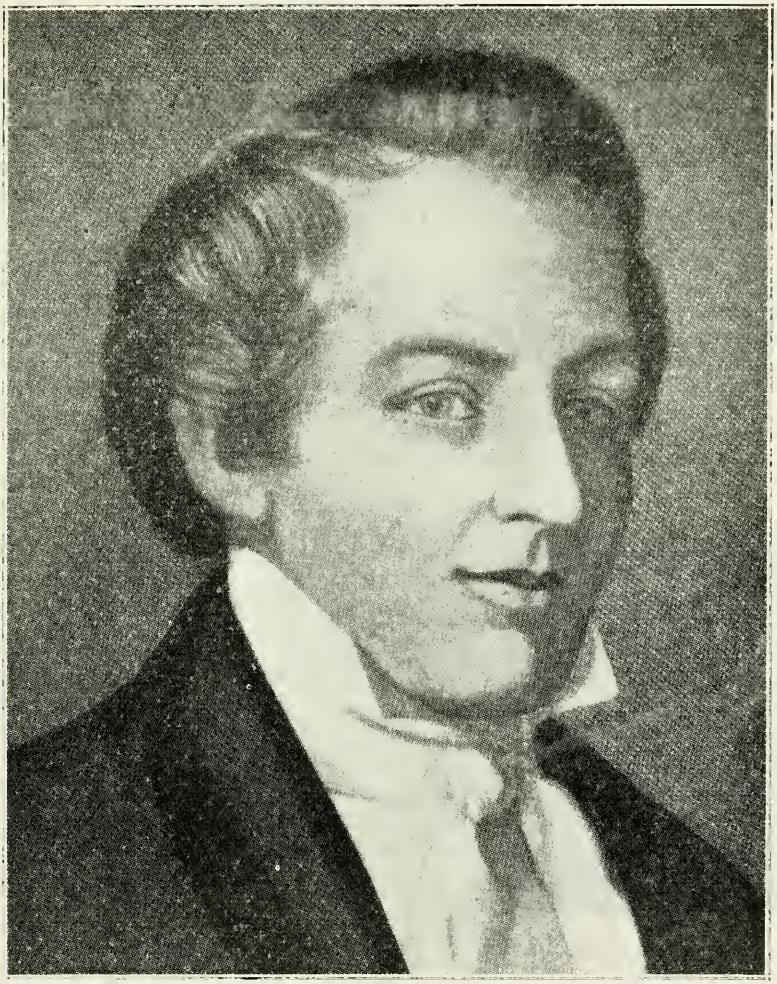
"Thus closed the year 1840 with us and our labours. An eventful year it had been to us, and to the Church of the Saints. It was the first mission of the Twelve modern Apostles, as a Quorum, to a foreign country. It had been undertaken under circumstances which would have deterred men of a less holy and sacred calling and responsibility. It had overcome chains and dungeons, gloomy cells, and perils of robbers and of death. It had triumphed over poverty and sickness, and perils by sea and land, and it had triumphed and been crowned with a success unparalleled, even by the history of the ancient apostles.

It was the hand of God that had performed it, and to His name be ascribed honour and majesty, and power and glory, for ever and ever. Amen." In 1842 Parley returned once more to his native land and in his farewell address to the patrons of the "Star" he says, "I feel great satisfaction in a review of my editorial course; I feel my conscience clear, and a secret whispering within, that I have done my duty before God. . . . At the commencement of the 'Star,' the Saints in Europe numbered less than two thousand, they now number near ten thousand. . . . Surely the 'Star' has stood forth as a beacon on a hill, as a lonely lamp amid surrounding darkness, to light the weary pilgrim on his toilsome journey, to kindle up the dawn of a day of glory when the effulgent beams of the sun of righteousness shall shine forth as the morning, and dispel the misty vapours which like a gloomy cloud, have for ages hovered over the pathway of mortals." The Mission was left in the charge of Elders Thomas Ward and Lorenzo Snow. Upon his return to America, Parley Pratt gave much of his time to the writing of many literary works.



Old Sketch of Jail Scene

On the day preceding the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph, Parley states that for some unaccountable reason he was constrained to return home from Boston where he was performing a business mission for the Church. His brother Wiliam was with him and as they conversed together a strange feeling of awe gripped him "as if the powers of hell were let loose." "Brother William," he



JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET

First President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Born December 23rd, 1805; received his first heavenly vision, 1820; obtained the Book of Mormon plates, 1827; translated the Book of Mormon, and, with Oliver Cowdery, received the Aaronic and Melchizedek Priesthoods from heavenly beings, 1829; organized the Church and was appointed its first Elder, April 6th, 1830; under divine inspiration, amidst bitter persecution, taught and directed the Church; led the rapidly increasing people into Ohio, Missouri and Illinois; founded cities, built temples and established many institutions for human welfare; was greatly beloved by his people as friend, prophet and revelator; was brutally assassinated June 27th, 1844.

said, "let us keep silence, this is a dark hour, the spirit of murder is abroad in the land."

This occurred at the precise hour of the Prophet's death. He was taunted by many people and one questioned him, "Perhaps you will be the man who will now seek to be the leader of the Mormons in his stead—who are you, sir?" He replied, "I am a man, sir, and a man never triumphs and exults in the murder of the innocent."

In 1846 he was called to fulfil a special mission to England and once again landed at Liverpool in October of that year. He filled the special mission and returned to America in 1847. Reporting to Brigham Young, now the President of the Church, he turned over four hundred and sixty-nine gold sovereigns which he had collected as tithing from the British Saints. This served a very useful purpose as it was just previous to the great migration of the Pioneers west to Salt Lake and helped to fit out many with the necessary equipment. Parley himself did not start the trip to the Rockies till June of 1847 and arrived in the Valley in September. From then until 1850 he spent most of his time in drafting Legislature for the "State of Deseret" and other matters in connection with that settlement. Then he was called to perform yet another mission, this time to the Pacific. At the time of his departure he says, "I now close this chapter of my history by saying that my life up to this date has been an eventful one, somewhat hurried and laborious; and, if 'variety is the spice of life,' I think it may be truly called a spicy one."

It was while in San Francisco that Parley Pratt commenced the illustrious work "The Key to Theology." He laboured in Chile, Brazil, and the Islands of the Pacific. On the 18th October, 1852, he returned to Salt Lake and on May 5th, 1853, left again for the Pacific Mission. On his arrival home, he was met by his wife and children (for he had married again). The children were pleased to see him but his wife had become estranged after so many years absence and the following Spring obtained a bill of divorce. On April 6th, he attended the General Conference in Salt Lake when the corner stones of the Temple were laid and from then until he left on his second mission to the Pacific he served on the Legislative Council, and as a Regent of the University of Deseret.

Until May, 1857, when this great leader was assassinated, he remained very active in and about Salt Lake City, which was rapidly developing into a great and beautiful city. On his approaching his fiftieth birthday he wrote a poem, part of which is reproduced herewith:

I am fifty years old! I have lived to see
Seven times seven and a Jubilee . . .
. . . I have wandered far—I have wandered wide,
From Maine to the wide Missouri's tide;
And over the Atlantic's sea girt isles
From Maine to the wild Missouri's tide;
I have trampled the desert's burning sands
And the snow-clad mountains of unknown lands.
'Mid the crystal waters of Deseret
I have pulled the oar and cast the net.
I have climbed the steeps 'mid the golden ore,
And roamed o'er the lone Pacific shore.
I have ploughed its bosom many a day
To visit the nations far away. . . .
I have toiled with the great in freedom's cause,
And assisted to give a State its laws.
I have lain in a dungeon, bound in chains,
And been honoured in Courts where justice reigns.
In a thousand joys, and a thousand fears
I have struggled on through my fifty years.
And now, by the law of God, I am free;
I will seek to enjoy my Jubilee.
I will hie me home, to my mountain dell,
And will say to the "Christian" world—farewell!
I have served ye long——; 'twas a thankless task;
To retire in peace is all I ask.

Another fifty years will fully prove
Our message true, and all our motives love.
Then shall a humble world in reverence bow,
And hail the Prophets so rejected now.
Kings shall revere, and nations incense bring
To Zion's temple and Zion's King.
I shall be there to celebrate the day
'Till twice ten fifties shall have passed away.

In a letter written in New York to his brother Orson in January, 1857, he makes the significant statement, "Now, dear brother Orson, be of good courage—our pilgrimage will soon be over and our personal history in this world will naturally come to the word 'FINIS'."

The circumstances relating to the assassination of Parley P. Pratt were recorded in the "Star" of July 4th, 1857, herewith reproduced:

MURDER OF PARLEY P. PRATT, ONE OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Another Martyr has fallen—another faithful servant of God has sealed his pure and heavenly testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon, with his blood. Though our own dear brother according to the flesh, yet we weep not. He fell in a righteous cause—he fell in the defence of suffering innocence, while endeavouring to aid by his letters a helpless woman with her little children, to escape the fury of her savage persecutors. He had been made acquainted, from the most respectable and reliable sources, with the sad and most heart-rending description of her sufferings. Years ago, the poor woman had been turned into the streets of San Francisco, in a dark, dismal night, houseless and unprotected, by an unfeeling, brutal monster of a husband. For years her life had been threatened, and deadly weapons brandished about her head; and to cap the climax of brutality, he tore the children from their fond mother's embrace, stealing them, without her knowledge, and smuggled them on board a Pacific steamer, to traverse thou-

sands of miles of water and land, unpitied and uncared for, to the distant port of New Orleans.

Learning that her children has been sent to her parents, near New Orleans, she set sail, friendless and unprotected, for that port. Upon her arrival, what was her surprise to find her parents were in the dark plot, and that she could have no freedom with her own children. And, at length, becoming wearied with the persecutions which she endured, she started, without any acquaintance to accompany her, for Utah Territory—a journey of about three thousand miles from New Orleans. After incredible hardships, she arrived in Great Salt Lake City, in the autumn of 1855. In the autumn of 1856, she again returned to her parents in New Orleans, and sometime about the close of this same year, she succeeded in rescuing the children from their unnatural and tyrannical bondage, and fled with her own little family to Texas. But the hellish brute in California, from whom she had been separated about two years, came in pursuit, and at last, discovering the object of his former abuse, again tore from her embrace her lovely little children.

The sympathies of thousands who have been made acquainted with the unparalleled sufferings of this lady, have been aroused in her behalf. Among these, we are proud to say, was that great philanthropist, and good man, Parley P. Pratt, who, on learning the facts of her escape with her children, sought to advise her, by letters through the post, of the pursuit of her old enemy. While engaged in this work of humanity, this monster from California, swore out a writ against him and several others, under a false charge of larceny. They were tried before the United States' Commissioner, at Van Buren, Arkansas, and found not guilty, and discharged. The murderer then, in a cowardly manner, waited for him to leave; and about ten minutes after, in company with two other murderers, started in pursuit, immediately followed by others; all thirsting for the blood of innocence. About twelve miles from Van Buren on the road leading northward, they came up with their victim—fired seven shots, and then stabbed him several times in his left side, one of the cuts piercing his heart. After this he lived about two hours and a half.

And thus he fell the victim of his bigotted enemies, but the friend of suffering humanity.

. . .

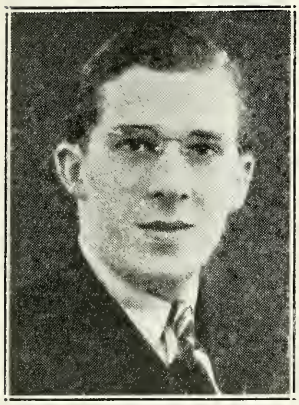
Among the Church leaders, Parley P. Pratt could be rightly described as another Paul. His numerous missions to many and various places marked him as a "courier of the Faith" and a stalwart carrier of the glad tidings of the Gospel. His power of Faith was amazingly developed and his abilities as a poet and a speaker were comparable with those of the greatest of his contemporaries. We cherish his memory, and feel to offer thanks to the Lord for such a servant to be able to visit our Island and commence the publication of our bright "Millennial Star," which, we trust, will continue to shine undiminished in power in the world's large and varied firmament of literature.

J. P. H.

Upward And Onward

By Elder Reginald R. Brown

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the Power of God unto Salvation."—Paul to the Saints in Rome



Reginald R. Brown

WHY should we be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ that we have espoused? Any man or woman who will yield obedience to it, will, it is promised, have unlimited joy in this world to come. The quest is too sacred for us not to follow it. It is the guiding philosophy and the supporting power of all human actions.

The Latter-day Saints have in their possession, and offer to the world, a knowledge of the Divine Plan whereby we may return to the presence of God. Some Churches would have us believe that this is easy, but it is not. It is a life's work. When the Saviour returns, and He is coming sooner than men dare to believe, mere membership in His Church will not entitle us to meet Him, and unless we qualify ourselves by doing the work that God has planned for us, others will take our place. Is this work difficult? Is it impossible to perform? The Mormon Church says no. If we tackle it in a willing manner, humble in our efforts and with a desire to accomplish our aim in a manner pleasing to our Father in Heaven, we shall, on that Judgment day, be taken into the loving arms of our Heavenly Father and blessed with an eternal reward, a reward that will not bear comparison with anything that the human mind can conceive. Latter-day Saints want nothing further than on that day, our Father should say, "Well done, my child." How great and glorious that will be: but if we failed when the opportunity was afforded us (and He says, "How many times have I gathered ye, as a hen gathereth her chicks, and ye would not"), then beware, for just as the Lord is generous beyond compare with our reward for righteousness, He will be generous with our reward for evil. Are we going to fall to the tempter? Are we going to deprive ourselves of the promises that were made to us at the waters of baptism? Or are we going to seek that which the Lord "is waiting to pour out upon us"? "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally."

When He knocks at our door, let us hear Him, for He knocks with the greatest gift in the world, the Gospel. He *has* knocked, hoping that man would hear and be led aright. Now, in the midst of turmoil and strife, of man's own creation, He hammers with both hands in a desperate attempt to save mankind from destruction. Can we hear him? Will we listen? The words of the poet Longfellow serve as a spur to our efforts

to rise above the vortex that is endeavouring to drag us down into the whirlpool of human madness:

"Heights of great men reached and kept,
Were not attained in sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

O God, give us strength that we may have high opinions of ourselves, that we may keep toiling upward and onward, and that, using obstacles as stepping stones to greater heights, we may live more fully the Plan of Salvation, given to us by the Master of men.

We testify unto all the world, in all soberness, that this Church has the only medium on earth today whereby man may attain the Celestial Kingdom, and take up residence with our Creator eternally.

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BOUND FOR THE GREAT SALT LAKE

(Continued from page 371)

and my predispositions and tendencies must not affect me as an honest witness. I went over the *Amazon's* side feeling it impossible to deny that, so far, some remarkable influence had produced a remarkable result, which better known influences have often missed.

After this Uncommercial Journal was printed, I happened to mention the experience it describes to Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P. That gentleman then showed me an article of his writing, in "The Edinburgh Review" for January, 1862, which is highly remarkable for its philosophical and literary research concerning these Latter-Day Saints. I find in it the following sentences. 'The Select Committee of the House of Commons on emigrant ships for 1854 summond the Mormon agent and passenger-broker before it, and came to the conclusion that no ships under the provisions of the "Passengers Act" could be depended upon for comfort and security in the same degree as those under his administration. The Mormon ship is a Family under strong and accepted discipline, with every provision for comfort, decorum, and internal peace.

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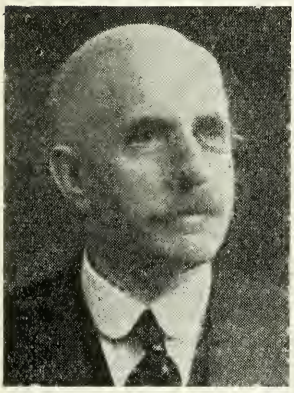
BRITONS WHO HAVE BECOME LATTER-DAY SAINT LEADERS

Name.	Birthplace.	Date.
John Taylor	Milnthorpe	Nov. 1st, 1808
George Q. Cannon	Liverpool	Jan. 11th, 1827
John R. Winder	Biddenden	Dec. 11th, 1821
Charles W. Penrose	London	Feb. 4th, 1832
Charles W. Nibley	Hunterfeld, Scotland	Feb. 5th, 1849
James E. Talmage	Hungerford	Sept. 21st, 1862
Charles A. Callis	Dublin, Ireland	May 4th, 1865
Brigham H. Roberts	Warrington	Mar. 13th, 1857
George Reynolds	London	Mar. 18th, 1866
John Wells	Carlton	Sept. 16th, 1864
William Clayton	Penwortham	July 17th, 1814
John Jacques	Market Bosworth	Jan. 7th, 1827
John Nicholson	Roxburghshire, Scotland	July 13th, 1839
Henry W. Naisbitt	North Allerton	Nov. 7th, 1826
John Lyon	Glasgow, Scotland	Mar. 4th, 1803

A Tribute To The Latter-Day Saints

By Mr. J. A. Pilling, F.R.G.S.



J. A. Pilling

MAY an "outsider," albeit a friend, offer congratulations on the Centenary of the "Millennial Star," the oldest of the existing publications of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?

At the time when the "Star" first appeared the members of the Church in this country numbered less than 2,000—a poor, weak and despised body—but they persevered, and the magazine has survived all the troubles and vicissitudes of a hundred years. In its early days it appealed to thousands of converts in this land, a large proportion of whom emigrated to Utah. But while the membership of the Church here has since remained very small, the Saints in the United States and Canada have continually increased in numbers, amongst whom are to be found lawyers, doctors, engineers, educationalists and politicians of more than local repute.

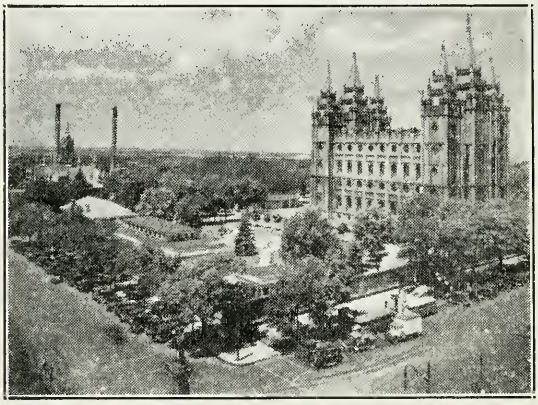
It is not, however, by mere numbers that people who believe in their message should be judged. So far as the British Mission is concerned, I believe that the good influence of the Missionaries, a set of fine, cheerful and industrious young men and women, has made itself felt in many quarters, even if it has not resulted in a great influx of new members. And the "Millennial Star" has had a good share in this work. The Missionaries have an aptitude for making friends while they earnestly spread their doctrines, and it is, I think, probable that the greatest good from the Missions accrues to the missionaries themselves—through meeting with other people and with different customs and conditions, which must make for fuller understanding and broader outlook. Not least, our contact with them conduces to closer friendship with the citizens of the United States, whom to know is to esteem and respect.

To touch upon a personal note: three years ago I was almost entirely ignorant of the Church and of the ways of life of its members. My "education" commenced during a short visit to Salt Lake City while on a tour of the Western States. And what an eye-opener it was, to see what had resulted after Brigham Young had declared "This is the place," when he had brought the persecuted saints into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1847.

At the mention of Salt Lake City many people shrug their shoulders and say—"Oh! Mormons—those dreadful people." But that is simply ignorance. My party and I certainly wondered what we were going to see, and did not imagine what pleasant surprises were in store for us.

The centre of interest for visitors is Temple Square, containing the Temple, Tabernacle, Bureau of Information and other buildings, as well as the Seagull Monument, surrounded by a lovely garden. The Temple is of Cathedral proportions, but the interior arrangements are quite different. There are several floors, each being devoted to a specific purpose. The ground floor is used principally for baptisms by immersion in a huge font supported by figures of twelve oxen—symbolic of the twelve tribes of Israel.

In the building are many other rooms, three of which are used for conferring the "Temple Endowment." This is understood to consist of a course of instruction relating to man's eternal journey and the conditions on which progress in that journey depends. It starts in the "Garden of Eden" Room and deals with the journey from the creation of man, his struggle when driven out into the world, and the exaltation to which he may attain. Then there is the "World Room" with pictures of storms, broken rocks and confusion — where man is tried and his character formed. Finally, "Celestial Room," where instruction is given as to the last stage of man's journey. Other rooms are used for "Sealings." etc., and finally there is the "Holy of Holies" with a picture of Joseph Smith receiving the visitation of God and Jesus Christ.



Salt Lake Temple and Tabernacle

As a non-Mormon I could not, of course, enter the Temple, nor could I read the ritual, which is not published. For outsiders there is an air of mystery about the Temple, and enemies of the Church have spread all kinds of false rumours about it. But one is assured, and there is no reason to doubt it, that nothing takes place in the Temple that is not of an uplifting and ennobling nature.

We had the privilege of listening to a recital in the enormous Tabernacle, on one of the largest organs in the world. These recitals are given by courtesy of the Church Authorities, every week-day at noon in the tourist season, to the delight of thousands of visitors.

At the Bureau of Information we found many ladies and gentlemen freely giving their services as guides and in answering questions. There, tracts and Mormon literature were available for the enlightenment of the ignorant.

(Continued on page 400)

Women Must Wait

By Helen Hooper

A CALL drifted over the pasture and into the east orchard, where Linda Crandall and Gerald Anderson were picking the first of the juicy red apples—"Linda—O—Linda."

"That's Mother wanting me to come in and help with supper." Linda climbed down from the ladder. "Thanks for helping me, Jerry. Will you be over about eight?"

"Wait, Linda." The youth laid his bronzed hand on Linda's arm. "I've got something to tell you. I was going to wait until tonight, but—." Jerry paused, and then made his announcement, slowly, as though each word uttered was a rare gem: "I'm going on a mission."

"A mission?" Linda's startled eyes searched his quickly. "You mean a real mission, away somewhere?"

"Honest. Isn't it wonderful?"

"But, Jerry—Jerry, how? I thought your father couldn't afford to send you."

"He can't, Linda, but you know I've been saving money, and Dad says he can spare me from the farm. President Williams says that with the contributions I'll get, he's sure I'd be able to manage. And something else—." Jerry squared his shoulders and his chin took on a determined angle, "I've decided that when I get home, I'm not coming back to the farm. I'm going to Agricultural College. With a little scientific knowledge, you could really do something with a farm like this, and that's what I aim to do. Big things."

Jerry's eyes had shifted from Linda and were fixed on the far horizon. He talked on, slowly, as though he were putting a dream into words for the first time.

The girl's dark eyes had been studying him all the while he talked. It seemed at first as if she had not quite understood his full meaning. And then as its import struck home, realization of what it meant to her tightened her lips and stiffened her body. She spoke carefully: "So, you're going to take the money you have been saving for us to get married, and go on a mission. Then, after that, you're going to school. It seems that you haven't quite forgotten that you asked me to marry you. So you are asking me to wait—but what do you think I'm going to do while I'm waiting, and you're gallivanting around the world doing 'Big Things.' I'm going to stay home. You told me once we'd get married and leave the farm; you know I hate it. But now, your plans have changed. Well, mine haven't. You go, Jerry Anderson; go as far as you want and stay as long as you like—but don't expect to find me here when you come back!"

Linda turned and ran toward the house. Angry tears stung her eyes, but she dashed them away with the back of her hand. How could Jerry do this to her? All her life she'd loved him. She'd been his girl ever since the day he had saved her from drowning in the old mill pond. And now he was throwing her

over to go on a mission, deliberately telling everybody that he preferred going on a mission to marrying her. She never wanted to see him again!

Jerry stood in the orchard where Linda had left him. Hurt incredulity was on his face and in his eyes. Linda was the girl he loved. It hadn't occurred to him that she wouldn't be as thrilled as he was over this grand opportunity. He wouldn't hurt Linda for worlds, but, in some way, he knew that he must be true to himself and his convictions, in order to be true to her. He picked up his straw hat and jammed it on the back of his head; then he leaped the fence and started home. Perhaps, he told himself Linda would be reasonable after she got used to the idea. At any rate he would go on his mission, and trust in the Lord to take care of the rest.

"A Mission?" Linda's startled eyes searched his quickly. "You mean a real mission, away somewhere?"

The next few days were busy ones for Linda. At Sacrament meeting the next Sunday the president announced Jerry's call and invited everyone to his farewell on the following Friday evening. After that, Jerry bore his testimony. Listening to his rich young voice proclaiming his desire to serve the Lord, Linda felt her anger melting; and yet, why couldn't he serve just as well with her? No, she would never forgive him.

The next morning, after breakfast, she requested her father's permission to sell her acre of land. Mr. Crandall, however, was a bit sceptical. "The land market isn't so good right now, dear. Besides, I thought you were going to give that acre to Jerry for a wedding present."

"Maybe I was," said Linda, "but there won't be any need for a wedding present now,"—try as she would, she couldn't quite keep the catch out of her voice—"so I'm going to sell it and use the money to go to business college. If he can go away and make a new life for himself, I guess I can, too."

Mr. Crandall studied his daughter shrewdly. He understood her hurt, and he couldn't help admiring her determination, but he knew it was misdirected. However, he reasoned,

given a little time, she would find herself. His eyes twinkled. "Maybe I can make a deal with you," he said. "How soon are you planning to leave?"

"I want to go as soon as I can," said Linda, "but maybe I'd better wait until we get the fruit taken care of." She turned quickly to the window and looked out over the broad acres of farmland on the other side of her mother's kitchen garden. A sharp little pain tugged at her heart. Maybe she didn't hate the farm so badly after all. It might be hard leaving it. Oh, why, when life seemed to be going along so beautifully, did something like this have to come up? Why wasn't Jerry satisfied to stay home and marry her, and the two of them find happiness together?

Friday was a terrible day. She had refused definitely to go to Jerry's farewell. The pain in his eyes at her refusal had almost weakened her decision, but she had steeled her heart against him. If he really cared, all this could easily have been avoided. Yet, as he said "Good-bye," something about his solemn finality struck cold fear to her soul.

At seven-thirty the family departed for the meeting house, all except her and Grandmother, who was too old to go out any more. Grandma began to talk. "You girls today; you're mighty spoilt. Now in my day, a girl was willin' to sacrifice for the man she loved—and she had to do it, too. A man had to be fussy in those days about the kind of a girl he married. He had to have a real helpmate. It took more than a pretty face, and stylish clothes, and soft words, to pull a handcart across the plains. What with fightin' Indians, and endurin' cold, and starvation, and bearin' children with no help nor anythin'—those were the things that proved a woman's worth. But if she loved and trusted her man, and helped him all she could, why things usually worked out all right."

Linda sat quietly by the fire. In her mind was a picture of those women who hoped and planned, worked and waited, and sacrificed and gave selflessly. She seemed to hear Grandma's words again, "But if she loved and trusted her man, and helped him all she could—." Suddenly she got up and arranged the afghan over Grandma's weak old knees; then she ran softly upstairs and began to change her dress. She gave her hair a final pat and slipped into her cape. She ran lightly down the stairs and out into the night.

The meeting house was brightly lighted, and Linda could hear the music a block away. That meant the programme was over and they were dancing in the amusement hall. She did not want to meet and talk with anyone else until she had seen Jerry, so she tiptoed to one of the windows, and looked in. She searched among the dancers but he was not there, so she hurried into the chapel. It was empty, but the door leading into the President's room was ajar. Linda heard him speaking, and stopped.

"I'm sorry, Gerald, that this hasn't turned out as we expected. The last years haven't been too good for the farmers, and I guess the men just couldn't afford to give any more. We were expecting a good-sized contribution from Mr. Cran-

dall that would have made up the deficit, but he said he couldn't afford it now. He has had an unexpected expense come up quite suddenly. If the way isn't opened by the time my son returns from his mission, you can go then and I'll be able to help you."

"It won't be necessary to wait any longer, President Williams." Linda's voice sounded strange in her ears as she walked into the room.

"You see, my father's unexpected expense was for me, but, I'm sure I won't need it now. I'll be much too busy sewing piece quilts and making rag rugs for our home. . ."

"Linda!" She heard Jerry's voice, and turned to meet his eyes, but couldn't because her face was buried against his coat.

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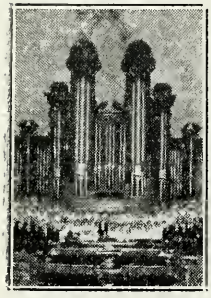
A TRIBUTE TO THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS

(Continued from page 396)

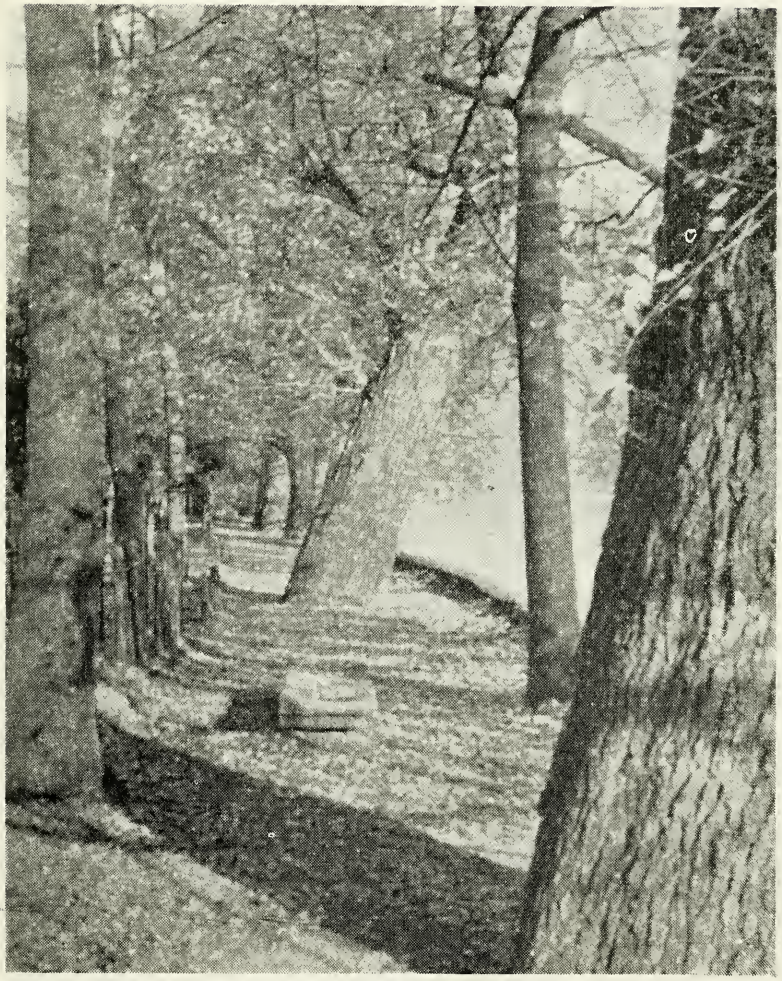


Tabernacle Choir and Organ

On returning to England I was curious to know more about the Church, so I went to the Mission Offices to get a copy of the Book of Mormon. That was the beginning of an acquaintance with the missionaries, among whom I now count several personal friends. As I learnt of the principles of the Church, of its wonderful organization, and of the way in which such principles are carried out in the daily lives of the members, I came to admire the Saints for what they are and what they do. Their obedience to the Word of Wisdom sets an example which most people would find difficult to follow in its entirety.

My acquaintance with Dr. Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve, was unfortunately interrupted when he had to return to America, but I retain the happiest recollections of his charming personality. I was privileged to meet President Hugh B. Brown on numerous occasions during his longer stay in this country, and I shall not easily forget his gracious conversations. From the many missionaries I have met, increased knowledge of the Church has been gained, and I must mention especially in this connection Elder Arthur C. Porter, a former Associate-Editor of the "Star." Personal intercourse has now unhappily come to an end—only temporarily it is to be hoped—but correspondence continues, and the hope of meeting these friends at no distant date still persists.

I have digressed somewhat from the main purpose of this article, but I feel sure that abler pens than mine will deal more fully with the purpose and history of the "Millennial Star." As a regular reader I would like to record my appreciation of so many of its articles, which, I am sure, must be an inspiration to the members of the Church in this country. The present sad times will not last for ever, and I hope the good influence of the magazine will be greatly extended and will continue to increase as the years go by.



A Woodlands Scene

Death Of A Prophet

From Vol. 5, No. 3, "Millennial Star," August, 1844:

ADDRESS TO THE SAINTS.

Joseph Smith's First Vision

BELOVED SAINTS, In a strange and melancholy garb, we have been led this month to print a supplement to the "Star."

But why these tokens of woe and mourning? Will it be believed in the face of high heaven, in the present age, that men are required to seal their testimony of truth with their blood? Yes; such is the fact. The Prophet of the Lord in the last days, together with his brother Hyrum, have been MURDERED—basely, dastardly murdered—in prison, with the pledged faith of a state for their protection.

But can it be; is it not a dream—a phantasy of the brain? The land of freedom, boasted freedom, and of equal rights, stained with the blood of martyrs to the principles of the gospel of Christ! . . .

Can such things indeed be? Slumber on, ye mighty fathers of a degenerate race—ye who fought and toiled, who bled and died for liberty, and for conscience sake. OH ! wake not from your honourable repose, to a consciousness of the dark deeds of your fallen sons, who, not contented with a long career of persecution, even unto death—of spoilation and ravage of the Saints of God, have filled the cup of their iniquity with one of the most treacherous murders in the annals of time. . . .

As a nation thou art guilty! Appeal after appeal has been made for justice, for the wrongs done to the Saints of the Most High, but in vain. Justice and judgment shalt thou receive at the hands of the Almighty; and the cup of His indignation shalt thou drink to the dregs.

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. . . About six o'clock in the afternoon, the guard were surprised by an armed mob of from 150 to 250—painted red, yellow, and black—which surrounded the jail, forced it in, and poured a shower of bullets into the room where these unfortunate men were held in "durance vile." . . . They fell as martyrs amid this tornado of lead, each receiving four bullets! John Taylor was wounded by four bullets in his limbs, but not seriously.

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Twelve o'clock at night, 27th June,
Carthage.

To Mrs. Emma Smith,

The Governor has just arrived—says all things shall be inquired into, and all right measures taken.

I say to all the citizens of Nauvoo, by brethren, be still and know that God reigns. Don't rush out of the city—don't rush to Carthage . . . Joseph and Hyrum are dead. . . .

We will prepare to move the bodies as soon as possible.

The people of the county are greatly excited, and fear the Mormons will come out and take vengeance. . . . I have pledged my word the Mormons will stay at home . . . and no violence will be on their part; and say to my brethren in Nauvoo, in the name of the Lord, be still—be patient; only let such friends as choose come here to see the bodies. Mr. Taylor's wounds are dressed, not serious. I am sound.

WILLARD RICHARDS.

(Several accounts of the Assassination follow.)

. . . But the Saints will behold, through the clouds of sorrow that enshrouds the tomb of our departed brethren, the near approach of that period when the third angel shall pour his vial upon the rivers and fountains of waters, and they become blood; and the angel of the waters shall be heard to say, "Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shall be, because Thou hast judged thus, for they have shed the blood of SAINTS and PROPHETS; and thou hast given them blood to drink, for they are worthy; while it shall be re-echoed by the spirit of the ancient martyrs beneath the altar. Even so, Lord God Almighty, true and righteous are Thy judgments" . . .

There may be some, it is true, whose hopes have been placed upon man that may be lost to the Church, while their absence will be gain; for pruned from dead branches, and invigorated by a closer union and a more entire dependence on God, she will go forth on her resistless way with the energy of omnipotence. . . .

The tragic event has been in some measure anticipated, and necessary steps taken. Joseph called the Twelve together in the spring, and addressed them to the effect that it was necessary they should have the same power that he had received from heaven; for, should the mobbers kill him without his imparting the fulness of the Priesthood unto them, that power would be entirely lost from earth.

Let the Saints therefore rejoice and be glad, and have full confidence in God, that He will accomplish triumphantly His great designs in relation to the just.

★

I HAVE known these Mormons whose standards of domestic life and morality and whose attitude toward the relations of men and women were as high as that of the best citizens of any other creed. Their children were numerous, healthy and well brought up; their young men were less apt than their neighbours to indulge in that course of vicious sexual dissipation so degrading to manhood; and they were free from that vice, the artificial restriction of families, which ultimately leads to the destruction of the nation.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 1911.

How We Came To Print The Star

By H. P. Haynes (The Ludo Press)

Brother and Sister Noble

IN the Spring of 1936, my wife's Aunt and Uncle (Mr. and Mrs. A. Noble), came to our country cottage in the Surrey hills for a much needed rest after their missionary labours, prior to their departure for home in Salt Lake City. Both being well over 70 years of age, it was not to be wondered that they shewed signs of physical strain, which happily disappeared after a few weeks with us. We had many evidences of their boundless faith and the resultant happiness of such faith, which so characterises all the Latter-day Saints one has contact with.

As an ordinary British business man, with no particular leaning towards Mormonism, it would be insincere to deny the obvious. These Saints, Elders, Priests, call them what you may, are 100 per cent happy, contented, God-fearing, cheerful people. Their religion is so intensely practicable, all pull their weight and devote their whole lives to the cause of the Church of Jesus Christ, and Elder Abraham and Sister Annie Noble are both typical examples of what this wonderful faith produces.

On the morning of their departure, prior to going to my printing works, I bade them goodbye on the garden front, (they were leaving later in the day); both expressed their sincere thanks for our hospitality, and wished they could think of some suitable way to reward us. These and other similar remarks were brushed on one side, with expressions such as, "the best thanks you can give us, is to come again," and, "we require no thanks," etc., etc. Then Mrs. Noble said she felt confident we should be rewarded, she couldn't say just how, but she was certain that in some manner unknown to her, we should be repaid. As I left them, full of the sadness of farewells, I could not help re-calling the serene confidence of the prophecy, the amazing faith which prompted her to be so confident. However, in the hurly-burly of business life, the incident was almost forgotten.

I had, during the few months prior to the incident, obtained a few small commercial printing orders from Mission Headquarters at 5, Gordon Square, and had occasionally read a copy

(Continued on page 407)

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The Sign Of The Cross

By Wilson Barrett

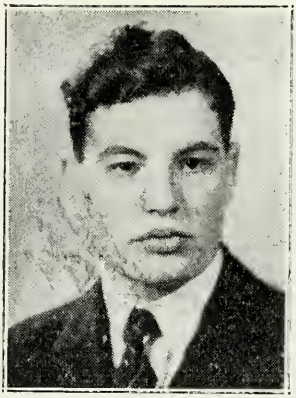
IN Jerusalem, in a low workshop, under the shadow of the Temple Mount, two labouring men—one stalwart and ponderous of movement, with dark, surly face, thick, pendant lower lip, and beady, twinkling black eyes; the other short, bloated, and wheezy of breath—were engaged constructing a rude gibbet of unplaned wood, in the form of a cross. The upright bar was about twelve feet high, the transverse about six in length; upon this was to be crucified the following day one Jesus, a Nazarene, by many called Christ. This gibbet was the last of three that they had been making that day.

No sculptured stone of Phidias or Michelangelo, no painting of Apelles or Raphael, no masterpiece of art, however valued, no manuscript or precious record of the history or thought of man, could so stir the imagination, touch the heart, move the soul, or bring so large a price as one authenticated foot of that rough-hewn gallows would realize this day. Offered for sale, a world would bid for it. Little dreamed those two men plying their trade, eager to be done and get to the wine-shop, that for thousands of years untold millions would make of this handiwork of theirs a sign, as the outward acknowledgment of their faith; and that for countless ages the most potent factor in civilizing and humanizing the world would be:

The Sign Of The †

Service

By Elder Samuel W. Dyson



Samuel W. Dyson

"THEN Peter said, Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I give thee: "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk." —Acts 3: 6

Too many of the people living today, both in and out of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, count service in the terms of "cold hard cash." Far too great an emphasis is laid on the financial assistance that we can or cannot give to our fellow men. Let no one misunderstand; money, used in the proper manner, can often assuage a great deal of misery, but refer to the quotation that heads this article. This man, lame from birth, had been existing for years on the charity of his neighbours; he had no doubt been given at various times much "silver and gold." But, is there any doubt in your minds as to who had rendered that man the greater service?

Immediately the thought arises in your mind, "but, we do not have the power to go about healing people, as those ancients did." Or perhaps the sisters think, "ah, but that is the work of the Priesthood." May I ask you a question? Is service only concerned with the physical body alone? Most of you reading this are members of the Church and, as such, have a knowledge of the Plan of Salvation, as revealed to our Prophet Joseph Smith. You have also tasted the joys that come from serving the Lord, and obeying His commandments. Are not these priceless blessings greater than mere earthly wealth? Can you not give freely of the possessions you have?

Let me quote an example. Would not the Word of Wisdom be a gift beyond compare to a person who was suffering from ill-health? This is a mere physical example; there are many others. You as Latter-day Saints know that these are the last days. You also know, if you have troubled to search the Modern Revelation on the subject, of the many things that are happening at the present moment, and that are shortly coming to pass. What greater service could you do anyone than interpret these things for them? Are not your friends outside the Church worried about their menfolk who have been called to serve in the forces? Have some of them even had a sad bereavement? Would not your knowledge of the Plan of Salvation, and the life after death ease an aching heart, if only just a little? Have none of your neighbours lost a little child? Do you realise that all, or nearly all other sects teach that the child is doomed to a place of eternal shadows unless the child has been "baptised by sprinkling"? Do you realise,

furthermore, that many children, who die at those tender years are buried every year in "unconsecrated ground." Could you but even glimpse the despair and sorrow in those poor parents' souls, would you withhold, even for a moment, the knowledge that you possess? Christ says, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Again in the scriptures, it says, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Is not the peace of mind the Gospel gives to you worth passing on? Would not your neighbours appreciate the peace of mind that you possess?

Reverting again to the physical side of life, there are plenty of ways that we can serve our fellows and, after all, that is one of the grand purposes of life, in the various auxiliaries of the Church. Evenings in Relief Society programmes are often devoted to the succour of the needy. There is always room for a willing hand. Really up-to-the-minute M.I.A.'s often find pleasure in organising their efforts to help by odd jobs those less fortunate than themselves.

And now, just a word about our means of greatest service, not this time to our neighbours, but to our immediate kith and kin. Yes, I mean the "Work for the Dead," your own people who just cannot help themselves, who are actually being held back, awaiting the service that you alone can perform for them. Here is a grand opportunity for service that few people in the world ever avail themselves of. You can be a saviour to literally thousands if you will only do your part.

Let us then strive to serve in every way possible, and pray that the Lord will open up new avenues of service to us, that we might indeed be worthy sons and daughters of God, proving our allegiance to His commandments by our willingness to serve in whatever way He would have us.

★

HOW WE CAME TO PRINT THE "STAR"

(Continued from page 404)

of their weekly "Millennial Star," which was being printed in Liverpool. Knowing the loyalty of the Saints to their friends, the possibility of becoming printer of the "Star" seemed very remote, as Mr. J. Foggo of Liverpool had been printing it for 37 years and doing it well. At that time President Joseph J. Cannon was Mission President, and was, I believe, a printer in Salt Lake City, before his call to missionary work in England. He conceived the idea of having an attractive cover to the existing 16 page edition, for which we were asked to submit designs. He also sought to increase the circulation of the "Star," which then had about 1,750 subscribers. A campaign for advertisements was instituted, and the President came to our works to satisfy himself that if the work was placed our

way, our organisation and plant was capable of producing up to 20,000 copies weekly. Estimates in many forms and quantities were asked for and given by us, and eventually, as Mr. Foggo felt he could not cope with the increased circulation, we were granted the contract to produce the "Star." It soon topped the 6,000 weekly mark.

I have always thought and still think that the "Star" was the reward so faithfully predicted by our beloved relative.

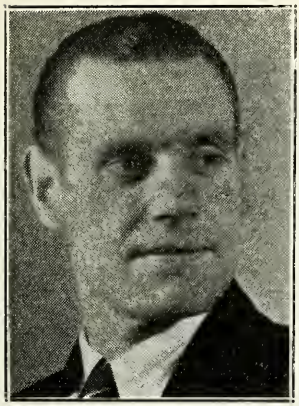
We commenced printing the "Star" on January 7th, 1937, No. 1, Vol. 99, with an edition of 5,600 copies; Joseph J. Cannon was Publisher, Richard R. Lyman was Editor, and Parry D. Sorensen was Associate-Editor. To these Saints and the others who succeeded them, we owe our sincere and grateful thanks for their kindly help and co-operation in the production of the "Star." They made the job a weekly pleasure with their wholehearted assistance, and we look forward to the time when we shall all meet again and renew the friendships we formed.

We printed the Centenary issue, No. 29, Vol. 99, on July 22nd, 1937, celebrating the Centennial celebration of the birth of the British Mission, and now we are entrusted with the task of printing this number, No. 22, Vol. 102, May 30th, 1940, celebrating the 100 years of the "Millennial Star." Through the courtesy of Mr. James P. Hill, the present Editor, we were invited to contribute an article on "How we came to print the 'Star'," and crave the indulgence of all readers for our literary shortcomings, as we are printers and not journalists. However, we are grateful for the privilege, and fervently wish the "Millennial Star," may live up to its name, and go on for ever.

THE "Star" would like to express its deep appreciation of the excellent service and friendliness of the Ludo Press. Mr. Haynes and Mr. Lugsdin have created an impression, through their willingness to help (aside from pure business courtesies) which it will be difficult to forget. We should also like to say a word in praise of the almost indispensable Mr. Belton, who is responsible for "setting up" the "Star" in type and has often assisted very ably in emergency in a "sub-editorial" capacity; mention too is necessary of Mr. Hudson, another member of the "Ludo" staff, who is responsible for the pictures often reproduced in the "Star" pages. These men have ingratiated themselves to us because of their cheery greetings when we have had occasion to visit their works and their unfailing willingness to do whatever they were asked at any time. We feel sure that we express the sentiments of all past editors and associate-editors that have had connection with these men, and to them and the various members of the firm who have a part in producing the magazine, the "Star" says simply "THANK YOU" to the LUDO PRESS.—Editor

" Your Mission "

By Elder Albert H. Willmott



Albert H. Willmott

IN spite of the deep and fundamental belief inherent in all men of existence of a Supreme Being, many living today discredit the story of God, as told in Holy Writ, and relegate the tales of the prophets to the plane of fairy tales or legends. They cannot comprehend that "Holy men of God spake as they were moved upon by the Holy Ghost." And thus they cannot appreciate the deep rich meaning of life, not rich meaning wealth, for wealth often lessens the desire for spiritual things. Thus the world today is in sad need of the true story of God; though material poverty has been much aleviated, many are spiritually starved. Joseph Smith's revelations pour oil on the troubled waters. The disturbing influences of the God-less sects of this modern day are halted immediately upon our acceptance of, and faith in, His teachings. Our day is one of indifference, deep seated apathy envelopes the spirits of men. The mission of each and every member of this, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is to bring all men to an understanding of this God-given plan of Salvation: "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." This "understanding" is the need of the hour. Speculation is vain, and void of satisfaction; actual spiritual knowledge is imperative before men can gain the lasting joy that comes from knowing God.

This must be our aim, in the preaching of this Gospel, that men might learn to know God the Father, and His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Although years might be spent in the fruitless study of the widely differing stories of the seven hundred or so sects, only in Mormonism, and the testimony of Joseph Smith, can be found the true idea of God and Jesus Christ. His story alone, satisfactorily explains the Plan of Redemption, and the way to Eternal Life.

This Gospel is the truth, and it is our duty to so live it that our lives are a testimony to its divinity. "Adam fell that men might be, men are that they might have joy." Man must progress to live; without the help of God, he can in no way improve. "The glory of God is intelligence" and the story of God is intelligence broadcast far and wide. The knowledge of God is a necessary factor in the salvation of man.

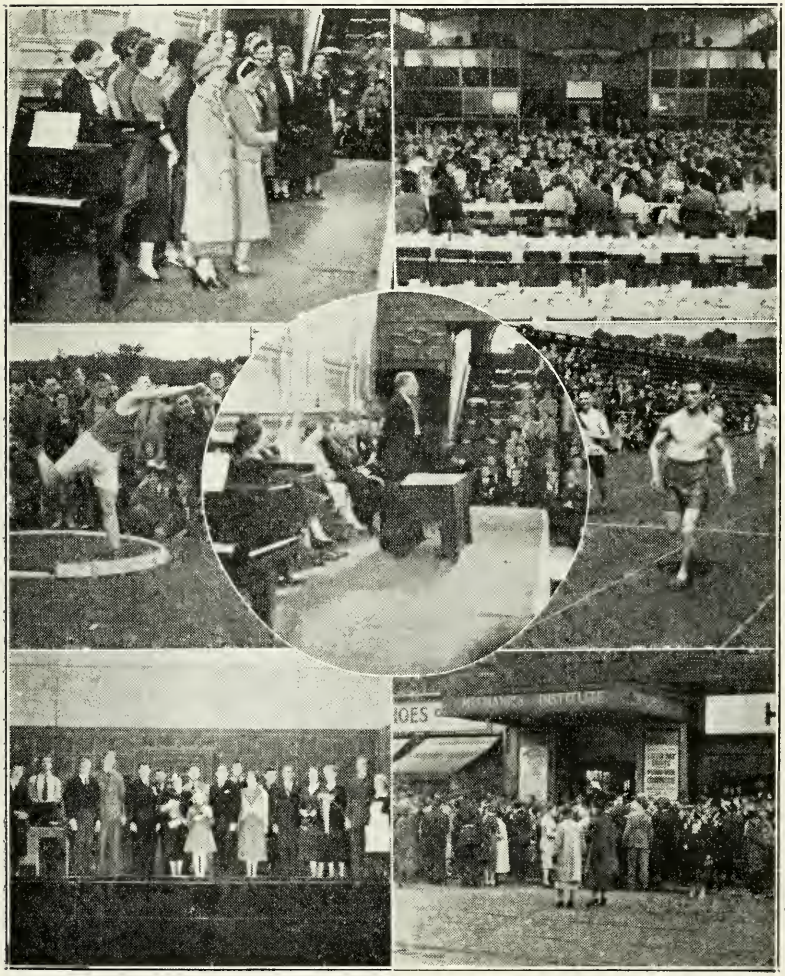
Let us then give them what they need, that is, this Gospel: we can do them no greater service. Incident upon membership in this Church are all the duties and privileges of a full-time and life-time missionary. "For a wise and glorious purpose,

(Continued on page 416)

" Flashback "

Preston—Rochdale, 1937

" Flashback "



Bradford, 1938

The Word Of Wisdom

A MODERN INTERPRETATION

By John A. Widtsoe and Leah D. Widtsoe

INSTALMENT XIII—"MEAT . . . SPARINGLY"

"Yea, flesh also for beasts and of the fowls of the air, I, the Lord, have ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving; nevertheless they are to be used sparingly; and it is pleasing unto me that they should not be used, only in times of winter, or of cold, or famine."

BUILDING FOODS or "Protein." Protein is the name given to the food constituents which are used in the body to produce growth in the young, and to repair or renew the tissues torn down by the stress of life at all ages. Protein differs from fats and carbohydrates in ultimate composition, in the possession of the element nitrogen. Proteins are found in all natural foodstuffs, but of varying composition, in differing proportions and with varying digestibility. The many proteins differ also in nutritive value. For instance, the proteins in wheat are not as useful for some animals as are the proteins in corn. It is well established that the proteins are made up of certain chemical compounds, known as amino acids, of which there are many. The difference in the proteins is possibly due to the different amino acids of which they are composed. It has been shown recently that ten amino acid are indispensable to body growth; and that the many others are not needed. This whole subject is being studied intensively in several laboratories and much new information may shortly be expected which will clarify numerous obscure problems in nutrition. Meanwhile, the fact remains that proteins are indispensable for the maintenance of life.

Animal Protein. Meat, fish, eggs, milk and cheese are foods rich in protein—the white of egg and lean meat being nearly pure protein. The proteins in these animal foods are easily and completely (97 per cent.) digested, and in most cases are valuable as healthful articles of diet. Milk, cheese and eggs are most valuable and should form the bulk of the protein requirements. To many persons these have been the added advantage that they do not require the taking of life. However, diet experts agree that a certain amount of flesh food is beneficial, even necessary, in the normal diet, especially in severe, cold climates.

Milk, an important source of protein, contains other valuable food substances. It is a well balanced food, with about 87 per cent. of water, the remainder being 3.3 per cent. of protein, 4 per cent. of fat, 5 per cent. of milk sugar and 0.7 per cent. of mineral matters including calcium and phosphorus. Milk also contains vitamins A, D, G, and some B, especially if cows are fed on green pasture. Cheese is the protein separated from milk, often associated with some mineral and fat. Butter is the fat separated from milk. Whey, which contains

(Continued on page 416)

Poem And Story Contest

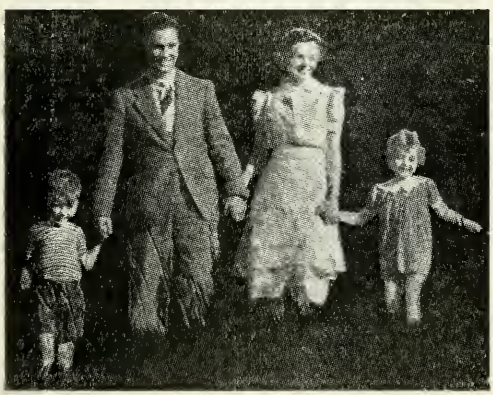
IT was unanimously decided that Sister Eda Longbone of Brighton Branch of the London District should be awarded the prize for the best story treating the subject of the "'Millennial Star' At Home." The "Star" takes pleasure therefore in presenting this Sister with a copy of "A Century Of Mormonism In Great Britain" by Elder Richard Evans.

As to the poem, there were one or two very good efforts and it was not easy to make a distinction. Mention, it is felt, therefore, must be made of Brother Robert Rogers of the Airdrie Branch of the Scottish District for his composition. It was decided, however, to award the prize to Sister Gladys Quayle of the Sunderland Branch of the Newcastle District for her excellent effort, and the "Star" takes pleasure, too, in presenting Sister Quayle with a copy of "A Century Of Mormonism In Great Britain."

The judges were President Andre K. Anastasiou and Elders James P. Hill and Melvin W. Dunn.

Here is the Story:

The "Millennial Star"—A Home Maker



"AND all through a tuppenny book"—Dick Fletcher mused upon these words as he made his way back to his very humble bed-sitting room. All through a "tuppenny book" his friend and life-long mate had about the finest little home a man could wish for. Arrived at his little room he flung himself into a chair and continued to let his mind wander over the happenings of the past years.

He and Jim Harland were pals of high school days. Together they had just scraped through enough lessons to satisfy masters, then, the spirit of adventure in their veins, they had set out to "explore the world," working their passages from port to port, and doing odd jobs when necessity demanded it in this or that country.

Both—and Dick gave a wry smile at the thought—had been emphatic that they would not settle down to a "humdrum married existence." "No marriage chains for us, we want to enjoy ourselves, we want to be free." This had been their cry, and they had stuck to it for about ten years, during which time they had, actually, enjoyed themselves.

Then came the separation. He (Dick), had hurried home

on a fast boat upon hearing that his aged father was ailing. Jim was to follow, as soon as he could, working his passage, there not being enough money for two expensive fares. Then they had lost sight of each other for seven years.

Dick Fletcher rose from his chair and crossing to the open window gazed out into the night. All over again, he heard Jim's voice explaining what had happened to him during that period:

"I arrived about thirteen weeks after you must have done, went to your old village and found your Father had died, and that you had gone off again somewhere. I got one or two jobs around the seaports for a few months, always on the look-out for you. Then one day I heard there were some good paying jobs going in a factory in a town some distance away, so I decided to try my luck there. It was on the trip there that this 'tuppenny book' turned up and altered my whole life," and Jim had picked up a thin pamphlet, waving it before him, and giving it quite an affectionate glance.

"I was sitting opposite to a man who had one of these little fellows on his knee, which he had evidently been reading; and you know my old habit Dick, of trying to pick out words upside down—well, I was trying to pick out the title of this book. I'd got as far as M I L L but could not quite decipher the rest, but I must have been trying very hard to do so, for suddenly the chap leaned forward and said, 'Here, would you like to read it?' and handed it to me. I felt rather uncomfortable, naturally, but I took it and thanked him out of sheer politeness. Then I opened it and started to read straight away."

With a reminiscent look in his eyes, Jim continued. "I soon discovered that it was a religious book, but I carried on reading because in it was an article about ' Mothers.' It described how a short while previously a certain Church had celebrated ' Mothers' Day,' and I read tributes which young and old men had paid to their Mothers in speeches. It gripped me rather —for as you know, Dick, my Mother died when I was born, and during my boyhood I never knew a woman's care. I proceeded through the book gradually, reading several articles. They were articles that seemed to hit a vital chord in me somewhere —this was describing Religion to me in a new way—this was something a man could live and enjoy. I read of groups of Missionaries. young men, playing and competing and winning games; of Branches where dances and socials and lectures took place. The leading article was on how the body should be taken care of—kept clean from habits such as smoking and drinking, and, this was new to me, it explained how the body was the tabernacle of the soul. As I said, the whole thing just gripped me and I read the book right through. When I did look up, my fellow traveller was gone. He must have got out at one of the stations the train stopped at."

Jim had ceased talking here, but had been bidden to proceed.

"Well, I got the job, and the following Sunday I again picked up the 'Millennial Star'—for that was the name of the little book—and looked down the list of meeting places that were printed inside the back cover. I discovered that there was one

in the town, and, for want of something better to do, I trotted along. It was then that I heard and joined in the simplest yet greatest service I had ever experienced. Cutting the story short, Dick, I went often after that, made friends there, and after some real heart-searching and prayer, I joined the Latter-day Saints. Now I hold the Priesthood, and have all this, a wife, a baby girl, a home, and I'm happy!"

"And he always declares it is all through a 'tuppenny book,'" broke in the pretty wife.

"Yes," continued Jim, "it's true, old man. I know what we used to say, and I enjoyed the times we had together and our travels—we had a grand time all round, and you're a fine partner, Dick, but a man gets tired of wandering sometimes and desires to settle down to the lasting security and happiness of home life. A home life run on Latter-day Saint lines is an eternal privilege, too—so I'll always have Mary and our children. The dear old 'Star' with its words of wisdom will always have its place in our home. Some Sundays Mary and I cannot get to meetings because of little Ann, but when she's asleep we sit and discuss the 'Star' articles, and we've found many 'pearls of great price' there."

To the eye of Dick Fletcher there arose the vision of Jim Harland's home. The shining front door, the spotless stairway, the comfortable living room, tastefully arranged with serviceable yet dainty furniture. How proudly Jim had displayed the things he had made—the wireless cabinet, the small table, the wee chair for the wee maid who had slipped a hand, soft and chubby, into his as she smiled up at him—a smile that so reminded him of Jim's friendly grin. Yes, he had enjoyed the atmosphere of that peaceful little abode, and he had liked the clasp of those little hands and arms as the little girl had hugged him and kissed him "Doodnite," declaring that she "luffed her Uncle Dick lots an' lots."

And that garden at the back, with the flowers and vegetables so well cultivated——

Yes, Jim was right, home life was the thing for any man, and now he felt that same desire that his pal had spoken of. Jim had something worth while. Jim prayed, and well, Dick's Mother and Father had always said he should, so he would. As for that "tuppenny book"—well, it had brought Jim happiness—why not him.

★

THEIR principles teach the people not only of Heaven and its attendant glories, but how to live so that their social and economic relations with each other are placed on a sound basis. If the people follow the teachings of this Church nothing can stop their progress, it will be limitless. There have been great movements started in the past, but they have died or have been modified before they reached maturity. If Mormonism is able to endure, unmodified, until it reaches the third and fourth generation, it is destined to become the greatest power the world has ever known.

—COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

The poem:

The "Millennial Star"

Congratulations to the "Star"
And all who've contributed,
To spread its fame both near and far
And see all tastes are suited.
Throughout a century it's stood
Each week the news recording,
Bringing cheer and spiritual food
The truth to all affording.

No greater promulgating force
Has ever yet been raised,
It is espoused to God's great cause
Through it His name is praised;
For into many homes it goes
Carrying truth and light,
The Gospel seed it often sows
Making sad hearts bright.

So, carry on, "Millennial Star,"
With foresight and with vision,
And help to spread the news afar
To aid the British Mission;
And when our Lord shall come again
No star shall shine more bright,
Throughout the whole Millennium Reign
Than thee—The Star of Light.

★

"YOUR MISSION"

(Continued from page 409)

God has placed us here on earth." So run the words of a favourite hymn. You who read these words, if you have never told the story of Mormonism before, start today, for Mormonism is the truth. "A new witness for God" is before the world and we put this story before men, women, and children, for their eternal salvation, and exaltation, as well as our own, which depends upon it. Live the Gospel, love the Gospel, and spread it wherever you are, and receive joy and satisfaction here, and eternal life in the world to come.

★

THE WORD OF WISDOM

(Continued from page 412)

the milk sugar and most of the minerals of the milk, is an excellent food. It is often evaporated to form a palatable cheese, widely used in European nations.

Eggs contain about 74 per cent. of water. The 26 per cent. of dry matter is made up of protein and fat in about equal proportions. The fat, however, as also the vitamins A. B. D, E, and G, and the mineral salts occur in the yolk. The white of egg is rich in vitamin G.

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN

★

Aberdeen:
Corn Exchange,
5, Hadden Street.

Accrington:
*L. D. S. Hall,
Over 9, Church St.

Airdrie:
†L. D. S. Hall,
40, Hallcraig Street.

Barnsley:
Arcade Buildings.

Batley:
*L. D. S. Hall,
Well Lane.

Belfast:
†Arcade Buildings,
122, Upper North St.

Birmingham:
L. D. S. Chapel,
23, Booth Street.
Handsworth.
Council Schools,
Stratford Road,
Sparkbrook.

Blackburn:
L. D. S. Hall,
Saving Bank Chambers,
Lord Street, West.

Bradford:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Woodlands Street,
Off City Road.

Brighton:
50a, Compton Ave.

Bristol:
L. D. S. Hall, Zion Rd.,
off Clarence Road.

Burnley:
§L. D. S. Chapel,
1, Liverpool Road.
Rosegrove.

Bury:
L. D. S. Chapel.
15, Broad Street,

Carlisle:
L. D. S. Hall,
Scotch Street.

Cheltenham-Stroud:
Theosophical Hall,
St. Margaret's Ter.,
Off North Place,
Cheltenham.

Clayton:
*Central Hall.

Derby:
Unity Hall.

Doncaster:
*L. D. S. Hall,
Trafford Street.

Dublin:
+L. D. S. Hall.
8 Merrion Row.

Eastwood:
Library, Church St.

Edinburgh:
Ruskin House,
15, Windsor Street.

Gainsborough:
L. D. S. Hall,
4B. Silver Street.

Gateshead:
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.

Glasgow:
South Side
Masonic Hall,
30, Abbotsford Pl.,C.5.

Gravesend:
1, Peacock Street.

Grimsby:
Thrift Hall,
Pasture Street.

Guisborough:
L.D.S. Hall,
Back of 13 Church St.

Halifax:
*L. D. S. Hall,
35, Brinton Terrace,
Off Hansen Lane.

Hucknall:
*Byron Buildings.

Hull:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Wellington Lane, and
Berkeley Street.

Hyde:
L. D. S. Hall,
29, Beeley Street.

Kidderminster:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Park Street.

Leeds:
*L. D. S. Hall,
5, King Charles St.

Leicester:
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.

Letchworth:
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.

Liverpool:
L. D. S. Chapel,
301, Edge Lane.

London:
L. D. S. Chapel,
59, Clissold Rd N.16.
Ravenslea Chapel,
149, Nightingale Lane
S.W.12.
57, King Alfred's Ave
Catford.
58, Wellesley Road,
Gunnersbury, W.4.

Loughborough:
Adult School.

Lowestoft:
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.

Luton:
Dallow Road Hall.
Corner of Dallow and
Naseby Roads.

Mansfield:
39a, Albert Street.

Manchester:
L. D. S. Hall,
88, Clarendon Road.
C. on M.

Merthyr Tydfil:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Penyard Road.

Middlesbrough:
L. D. S. Hall,
21, Bottomly Street,
Off Linthorpe Road.

Nelson:
*L. D. S. Hall,
10, Hibson Road.

Northampton:
*L. D. S. Chapel,
89, St. Michael's Road.

Nottingham:
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Southwell Road.

Norwich:
L. D. S. Chapel,
60, Park Lane.

Nuneaton:
Masonic Hall,
Newdegate Street.

Oldham:
L. D. S. Hall,
Neville Street.

Plymouth:
L. D. S. Hall,
114, Tavistock Road,
Park Street.

Pontllanfraith:
Enquire:
81, Brynteg Street

Preston, Lancs:
L. D. S. Hall,
44, Avenham St.
Off Fishergate.

Rawmarsh:
L. D. S. Hall,
Main Street.

Rochdale:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Sheriff St.

Sheffield:
L. D. S. Chapel,
Corner of Ellesmere
and Lyons Roads.

Shildon:
*L. D. S. Hall,
100, Main Street.

South Shields:
L.D.S. Hall,
36, Fowler Street.

Staffordshire:
Washington Bldgs.,
Wolverhampton.

St. Albans:
49, Spencer Street.

Sunderland:
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.

Tipton, Wolverhampton:
L. D. S. Hall,
Washington Building,
Berry Street.

Varteg:
Memorial Hall.

West Hartlepool.
L D. S. Chapel,
7, Osborne Road.

Wigan:
*L and Y Station.

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